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NOTES OF THE WEEK

GREAT BRITAIN has not for long been so intimately concerned in Ruritanian intrigue as during the past week. While Ion Bratianu was alive the National Peasant Party, in its effort to add to the difficulties of his government, momentarily espoused the cause of Prince Carol. But there are now plenty of better sticks with which to beat the Government than this weak and broken reed, and his candidature to the throne was not even discussed at the gigantic demonstration of the National Peasant Party held on Sunday last at Alba Julia. It is therefore a little difficult to see why the exiled prince suddenly decided that, in order to prevent bloodshed in Rumania, he must issue his manifesto in London. Still more difficult is it to understand why a would-be King of Rumania should be intimately connected with people in this country who are carrying on an irresponsible and violent campaign in favour of Rumania's chief enemy, Hungary. That Englishmen should be mixed up in this shady effort to encourage revolution in Rumania in order that Hungary's frontiers may be altered is shameful and scandalous.

We certainly hold no brief for ex-Prince Carol of Rumania, but the action of the authorities in expelling him from the country and, still more, in preventing the departure of two aeroplanes laden with his futile propaganda leaflets is of more than passing interest. It marks the death of an old tradition, for in the days of the Duke of Orleans many a proclamation written on English soil and signed "Philip, King of France" was sent abroad in the hope of stirring up trouble. It also calls attention to the extraordinary powers possessed by the Home Secretary. Had Carol been a Russian Grand-Duke and had his declaration been aimed at Stalin in Moscow instead of Bratianu in Bucarest, would Sir William Joynson-Hicks have taken action? Let us by all means limit the mischief-making power of political refugees who enjoy our hospitality, but such matters should not be left to the discretion of one man who happens momentarily to be in charge of the Home Office.

The failure of Prince Carol's little plot will not, of course, greatly affect the situation in Rumania one way or the other. There the two great political parties, the so-called Liberal Party, which is in office, and the National Peasant Party, which intends to oust it, have more

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serious things to think about than the ambitions of an exiled prince. The manifestation at Alba Julia would have led to a revolution had Dr. Maniu, the party leader, given the word. The peasants are now so inflamed against the Liberal Government that, unless Maniu persuades the Regency to turn it out, he will himself lose his influence as a leader and will be replaced by M. Mihalache or some other less responsible politician. The fact that the National Peasants have no desire to replace King Michael by Prince Carol should make it easier for the leaders of the Liberal Party to withdraw from a position which is uncomfortable for them and extremely dangerous for the future of their country.

The delay in replying to the Kellogg invitation is disquieting. Since Great Britain has all along been kept fully informed of the progress of negotiations between Mr. Kellogg and M. Briand for a treaty to outlaw war, there have been ample opportunities of finding out the Dominion point of view. There can be no doubt that public opinion here is overwhelmingly in favour of an unqualified acceptance of the American proposals and would be very resentful were undue attention to the French reservations—based, as they are, on a conception of the League which has never been shared by the British Government—to cause a breakdown in the negotiations between Europe and the United States. Mr. Kellogg has declared as explicitly as possible that he proposes no treaty which would run counter to the League Covenant or the Locarno Treaties, and that assurance should be good enough for us. Sir Austen's loyalty to his friends has endangered negotiations in the past, and it is unfortunately the fact that his long silence has damped much of the enthusiasm which had led America so unexpectedly far along the road towards collaboration with Europe. This subject is developed in a leading article.

Our hopes that the capture of Tsinanfu by the Chinese Nationalist troops would not lead to trouble with the Japanese garrison in that city have unfortunately not been justified by events. At the request of Chiang Kai-shek, the Japanese removed their barricades, and immediately looting began. The looters were met by rifle fire and in a very short time Japan and Nationalist China were virtually at war. Temporary peace had been restored when General Fukuda, the Japanese commander, on Tuesday, issued an ultimatum demanding the evacuation by all Chinese troops of a zone seven miles on each side of the Tsinanfu-Tsingtao railway. The Southerners rejected this demand, with the result that a small Japanese force is now besieged in Tsinanfu by a large Nationalist army. It is obvious that this situation will gravely disturb every government with interests in the Far East. Chang, the Northern commander, on Wednesday issued an order to his troops to "cease fire." The implications of this move are not, when we write, yet clear; the manifesto which accompanied his order seemed to indicate, under a shower of words, that he had had enough.

It is very much in the interests of both parties to reach agreement. The Nationalists will have to abandon all hopes of capturing Peking if their conflicts with the Japanese continue. As for the Japanese, their financial situation should make

them hesitate before launching a campaign which will give them control of the Province of Shantung, but will completely destroy their trade with the rest of China. The occupation of Chinese territory is in keeping with their famous "Twenty-one demands" of 1915, but it is quite opposed to the policy of friendly penetration which they have followed since 1925. Perhaps the most dangerous feature of the situation is the unpopularity of Baron Tanaka's ministry, since Japan may have learned the old European remedy of settling difficulties at home by making war abroad. There is little doubt that, much as he may sympathize with the Japanese in their difficulties, Sir Austen Chamberlain will advise Tokio to show the same moderation in China as Whitehall showed in rather similar circumstances.

The part which the employers are playing in the deplorable cotton-trade dispute does little credit to their foresight. We have commented in previous weeks on the absurdity of their expectation that the workers would accept lower wages, or longer hours, until it had been proved to them that there was no other way of diminishing costs of production. Now, it seems, they are seeking to get into their hands a weapon not less provocative than the weapon of the strike. By an oddly-devised ballot, they look to get sanction for a contingent lock-out. Notoriously, there are differences of opinion between the employers who spin Egyptian and those who spin American cotton. With this in view it has been arranged that the votes of the Egyptian and American sections shall be taken separately. It has also been arranged that all who do not vote will be regarded as having given tacit permission to the Committee of the Spinners' Federation to order a lock-out at its discretion. Are these the tactics to inspire respect among the workers? Do they not encourage the suspicion that the employers in the American section are determined to force lower wages, or longer hours, or both, on the workers by menaces without an adequate and impartial enquiry into all the methods whereby prosperity might be restored to the industry?

The Government have not been very prompt in redemption of their undertaking to do something substantial in mitigation of the plight of agricultural England, but with the Agricultural Credits Bill and the prospect of relief from rates on agricultural land and buildings almost all reasonable expectations are met or about to be met. Under the Agricultural Credits scheme, the State will contribute three eventually repayable sums of £250,000 towards a guarantee fund and £10,000 annually towards the administrative expenses of a mortgage loan company. The State will, in addition, arrange for the underwriting of £5,000,000 of debentures, itself subscribing £1,125,000 out of the Local Loans Fund. In the main, whether as regards long-term or short-term loans, the scheme appears to us to be good. The only objection that occurs to us is that the existence of charges upon the farmer's stock may adversely affect the credit which he is wont to receive from those who supply him with his requirements. However, it is impossible for the farmer to have both unconditioned State aid and generous credit from those who sell to him, and we feel confident that, except in a few details, the scheme will prove capable of surviving criticism.

Some controversy has been aroused by the riot at the huge railway works of Lilloah, in Bengal. Some 2,000 rioters demonstrated; the Superintendent of Police, in India always an officer of high standing, asked the military to fire on the rioters; and two men were killed and five injured, after they or their fellows had injured a military officer and a police officer. The military officer in command, Captain Christie, is now held up to censure by a magistrate. If, as alleged, he gave no notice of intention to fire, he was in error. But that he indicated certain human targets in the rear of the stone-throwing crowd is not necessarily to his discredit: there would be fewer riots in India if the organizers who keep in the rear of the rioters were liable to be shot. The real moral of this incident and its predecessors is that we must choose between the only logical alternatives in dealing with Indian riots. If the military, acting at police or magisterial request, are not to be trusted, we must deal with riots, a few weeks after they occur, by judicial committees or Royal Commissions.

In general, a demand that an appointment or a question should be treated as above party passions is the prelude to a great deal of hypocrisy; but we must recognize exceptions, and the movement which seems likely to bring Lord Grey to the Chancellorship of Oxford University commands supporters in all parties. Of his career, a career distinguished by patriotism, dignity, reticence, refusal to subordinate national needs to party exigencies, it is unnecessary to write in detail: everyone knows and appreciates his achievement. Two things only need be mentioned—his aloofness from the sectarian controversies of to-day, and his highly independent attitude during the strike two years ago. Without committing ourselves to the debatable doctrine that Chancellors should always be chosen without respect to party considerations, we may offer our support to the candidature his admirers of many parties have imposed upon him.

We must return to the Money case to emphasize one point about it which has been given a good deal of attention in Parliament and the Press since last week. We refer to the practice of employing police in plain clothes to patrol the Park at night. It has been said the propriety of such action is open to question, but it is not open to question at all: it is plainly and completely indefensible. Let us quote the Home Secretary himself. "We are not, as a police force," he is reported as having said in a speech on Wednesday, "responsible for the morals of the people of this country. . . . But what we are responsible for, and what it is the duty of the police to see, is that Hyde Park is a place where every man, at any time of the day or evening, may take his wife and children with the certain assurance that they will see nothing that will offend them." Very well. How can he square this with the use of officers in plain clothes? Their presence does not make for that "certain assurance" of decency in the Park which is rightly the authorities' ideal; on the contrary, it may lessen the possibility by giving those who are tempted to misbehave a false sense

of security. There is nothing to distinguish the policeman in plain clothes from an ordinary member of the public; nothing, in other words, to make an intending miscreant beware: whereas, if he sees a policeman in uniform he will obviously, unless he is mad, desist. Whether the employment of plain clothes men on this work also, as has been suggested, puts a premium on blackmail we need not enquire. This other argument is of itself conclusive, judged by the Home Secretary's own interpretation of the object of police supervision in the Park.

The Engineers' Report on the Charing Cross Bridge Proposal has now been presented. It fulfils the forecast. Their proposal is briefly to remove Charing Cross railway station across the river to a site close to that of Waterloo, and to construct a road bridge over the Thames where the existing railway bridge now runs, with double terminals at either end to assist the flow of traffic. It would be unwise to rejoice as yet where there have been so many delays and disappointments; but since the late Chief Engineer of the Southern Railway Company was consulted during the preparation of the Report it seems likely that the quarter from which objection was most probable will in fact approve of it. The new proposal has undoubted advantages over the double-decker plan put forward by the Lee Commission; indeed, Lord Lee has stated that he himself would have preferred what is now recommended but was given to understand at the time that the Southern Railway would put difficulties in the way. The work is to cost roughly £11,000,000 (£2,000,000 less than the Lee scheme) and will take nine years to complete. If the Government approve of the plan they will undertake to bear 75 per cent. of the cost. It will give all Londoners, and particularly ourselves who for many months have devoted so much of our limited space to the subject, a great deal of satisfaction if, as seems probable, the battle of the bridges is at last about to be won.

A great many people seem to be very seriously exercised about the development in this country of the hire-purchase system. Admitting the possibility that the system can be developed to the point at which it becomes a danger, especially when applied to perishable superfluities, what is the evidence that we here are in sight of any such unfortunate situation? In the United States, according to some authorities, who, however, are bluntly contradicted by others, hire-purchase has reached a stage at which it in some degree imperils financial stability. Here, the majority of firms giving hire-purchase facilities to their clients both require some assurance of ability to pay and confine the system to articles that are useful and durable and thus capable of re-sale. No doubt an indictment can be framed against the system; but have its assailants reflected that those who put by money to meet their instalments would hardly save such small amounts for investment? Moreover, have they considered the effect on the national temper of a system under which, without hire-purchase, the majority of young middle and working-class couples would have nothing worthy to be called a home?

NOW OR NEVER?

IT was on April 13 that the American Ambassador handed to Sir Austen Chamberlain the draft of Mr. Kellogg's Peace Pact proposals. We are writing on May 10—a month later—and no answer has yet been given by the British Government. Some delay was to be expected because of the necessity of consulting the Dominions, but the effect on opinion in America of so protracted an interval is becoming serious. It is not lightened by the impression which, rightly or wrongly, is gaining ground that the delay is not entirely occasioned by Imperial considerations. Great Britain was in possession of the facts throughout the progress of the preliminary Franco-American negotiations, and had opportunities then of learning the views of the Dominions. Yet last Thursday—three weeks after the draft was received in London—the Prime Minister of Canada announced in the House of Commons at Ottawa that "the British Government had promised to forward copies of the American and French Notes and the views of the British Government thereon, but the documents had not yet arrived." That answer cannot fail to have come to the notice of the White House. Both the Foreign Secretary and Sir Samuel Hoare have made speeches suggesting that the Government are in full sympathy with the Kellogg proposals. If that is so they ought not to delay their official intimation of the fact. There remains an impression both here and abroad that however wholehearted they may be in their support of the scheme in principle, they are something short of unanimous in their desire to say so unequivocally.

No one would wish them to be hasty. They have to make a decision in statesmanship more important than any which has faced them or is likely to face them during their tenure of office. By the time this is read the reply may have been made and all doubts have been dispelled. The Government cannot do less than accept the proposals; the country quite plainly insists on that, is indeed united and emphatic in its opinion on the matter as it has been on no question of foreign affairs since the blunder which postponed Germany's entry into the League. And since they must accept them they can do much good by accepting them enthusiastically and quickly, and much harm by postponing their acceptance and complicating it with reservations. Of course the Cabinet must give due weight to the objections set forth in the Memorandum submitted by France. But French apprehensions have been squarely met by Mr. Kellogg's explanations of the Pact, which have made it clear that the rights of self-defence and the obligations of contracting Powers under treaties of guarantee and arbitration (such as Locarno and the Rhine Pact) and under the Covenant of the League are in no sense compromised by the Pact; that, on the contrary, they are strengthened by it. If that is so, there remains no obvious reason for maintaining the French objections; in any case they are based on a con-

ception of the League which has never been this country's. Great Britain can accept Mr. Kellogg's assurances, agree to the basic principle of the Pact without reservation, and proceed later to worry out the details of its application. It would be disastrous were Sir Austen Chamberlain out of his natural desire to consider the feelings of the French and to remain loyal to the principle of co-operation between the two countries which has been the mainstay of his policy to run the risk of alienating opinion in the United States and so of wrecking the whole scheme.

The Pact as it stands is vague but comprehensive, and there may be strength in its simplicity. What it lacks in machinery for enforcing its provisions may be supplied in course of time. Even now it is a good deal more than a moral gesture, though even if it were only that it would be one big with significance. We have said before and we repeat that it is foolish and dangerous to the stability of Anglo-American relations to use vain repetitions about war between the two countries being "impossible" and "unthinkable." The fact that if war came it would be a catastrophe does not make it impossible or unthinkable. Commercial rivalry between the two countries is increasing; nobody knows what may be the state of relations between us in ten, twenty, fifty years' time. The advantage of an agreement renouncing recourse to war as a means of settling disputes between the two nations would therefore be incalculably great. The Pact is to apply not merely to America and ourselves but to all the principal Powers and, later on, possibly also to the smaller States. The potential benefits it offers are enormous; it would be worse than folly to neglect the opportunity of seizing them.

But if the American proposal is good in itself, it is even better in its implications. It is not alone or even chiefly on account of the security from war which the Pact may bring that the Government must hasten to welcome it. Considerations of deeper significance are involved. What America's proposal implies is nothing less than her re-entry into the field of European affairs. It means that the long period since she repudiated the League, during which Europe has missed her co-operation and has suffered so seriously from the lack of it, is now, if the Pact goes through, to be brought to an end. It means that what Europe has needed for the past ten years she will now have. It means that the authority of the League of Nations, which has all along been thwarted by the exclusion of the most important Power, will be doubled and the work of constructing peace made incomparably easier, for under the Pact America offers her moral support against aggression almost as effectively as though she were a party to the Covenant. It is astonishing that the United States should have gone so far with so little objection from her own people, who ever since the war have been extremely sensitive to any plan seeming to involve them in international obligations. While she stood outside, the work for peace was partial and uncertain. The opportunity now offered to the world to enlist her co-operation will be neglected at the peril of future generations. Germany and Italy have already given their answer. Great Britain must do so quickly and unequivocally.

THE ASQUITH DIARIES

THE war diaries of Lord Oxford which the *Daily Telegraph* is publishing add some new facts and a surprising amount of colour to our knowledge of those terrible days. The new facts may be speedily dismissed. We did not know before that Sir Herbert Samuel, in the early days of the Dardanelles enterprise, was already pressing fervid Zionist memoranda on the attention of the Prime Minister, and that Mr. Lloyd George was one of his earliest converts. Nor was it generally known that before he took up the Dardanelles enterprise Mr. Churchill was a strong advocate of that other "way round" through the Baltic which the late Lord Fisher so strongly preferred. The value of the diaries is not in the new facts that they reveal, but in the general picture that they give of the conduct of war by democratic government. There were, as we know, strong differences and bitter intrigues in the higher war counsels in Germany, but in the main they were simple simultaneous equations, whereas what impresses us most in the Oxford diaries is the immense complication and confusion of multitudinous issues.

The diaries were written up by Lord Oxford from the rough notes made at the time. There is no attempt to justify any policy or any person in the light of later events, and they are exactly what they purport to be, prints of the impression made on his mind from day to day by passing events. This is not the time, with the diaries still only half published, to appraise the personalities that appear in them. They will increase the admiration for the integrity and balance of Lord Oxford. But already, though the last entries before us as we write are still a year from the resignation of Lord Oxford, we see how inevitable that resignation was. Lord Oxford's criticism of his colleagues' suggestions and ideas is wonderful, but he himself contributes nothing positive. He is not controlling or shaping events, but sitting like a judge in court hearing issues presented to him, pronouncing judgment on them, but in no sense taking command. The judicial and the executive functions in government are always in contrast. Lord Oxford was a Prime Minister in his judicial and not in an executive capacity, and the wonder is not that he should have lost his position before the end of the war, but that he should have retained it so long.

In these diaries the most likeable and admirable man after the diarist himself is Lord Kitchener, and the coolest head that of Sir Maurice Hankey. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are consumed with energy, but whereas the first is volatile, fickle and discursive in his ideas the second instantly translates an intellectual conviction into action and pursues it with fanatical ardour. The first is perfectly ready to drop an idea and find another if the opposition is too strong; the second fights obstinately and persistently for it against all opposition. Mr. Lloyd George knew when he was beaten, Mr. Churchill did not; he persisted with an idea that he was convinced was sound even when the conditions necessary for success were absent. And that was the cause of the Dardanelles tragedy. The strategic idea was

absolutely right; it could have given us the victory by the end of 1915. But the conditions of success were foolishly withheld, and without them it ought never to have been begun. Contrast that with Mr. Lloyd George's advocacy of the State purchase of the liquor traffic. Only a volatile mind could seriously have thought of such a project in the middle of a war; but if Mr. Churchill had been as convinced of its necessity as Mr. Lloyd George apparently was he would have pursued the project relentlessly. His constancy is morally the more admirable; the levity of the other, who could take it up and drop it again just as suddenly, was the more shrewd.

In the jostling of competitive projects which the diaries bring so vividly before us we are to see the punishment for the ambiguities and uncertainties of our policy before the war. The great moral of these diaries is that there is no such thing as preparedness for war in the abstract. You can only prepare for a particular war. War came on us and the Cabinet itself had no idea of what our function in the war was to be. Were we to avoid great military entanglements, as when we fought Napoleon, and exercise our power by combined operations by land and sea, of which the Peninsula War and the Gallipoli expedition were types? Or were we to become what our main army in fact became, the left wing of an army for the defence of France? Had Wellington lost Waterloo we should not have lost the war, but there is one thing that we should never have done, namely, contribute troops for the protection of Prussia or Austria. The whole history of the war was a struggle between the insular and the continental ideas of strategy. When Lord French wanted to leave the French and start an independent campaign of his own in Belgium, or when Mr. Churchill advocated his Gallipoli expedition, both were championing the traditional insular school of British strategy. In the end we combined both schools, but at a cost which delayed victory and made it nearly as ruinous as defeat would have been.

The cause of this ambiguity was in the main political. We did not know even on the Monday before the war began whether we should be in it at all, and we did not know because the Liberal Cabinet, to avoid an open split, had definitely left our future decision in doubt. It was part of the compromise between the two wings of the Cabinet that war should not be begun until Parliament had been consulted and had indicated its consent, and when Lord Grey made his speech on that memorable Monday he did not know for certain how Parliament would take it. How, in such circumstances, could we have clear and definite plans about what form our warlike action should take, whether the old traditional form or the new continental form, or both (as in fact happened)? Is it wonderful that with our politics deliberately ambiguous, war when it did come should bring with it a confused jostle of competitive plans? Moreover, from this ambiguity dates the decline in the prestige of our ruling classes which led after the war to a strong, though perhaps a temporary, reaction to Labour. It was inevitable after our people had been led blindfolded to the frightful ordeal of the war that

our politicians should be nervous about how they would take it when the bandages were removed. That they did in fact take it so well and rose so wonderfully to the call of patriotism is the strongest rebuke of the timidity and secrecy of our rulers which had concealed the issues from them. The truest wisdom is complete frankness in the exposition of a policy and of the sacrifices that this or that method of defending the right will entail.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

WITH the postponement of financial business, owing to Mr. Churchill's illness, the House relapsed this week into normal uneventfulness. Questions were more interesting than they have been for some time. Since it was revealed that they cost the country, on the average, £1 each, they seem to have become both fewer and duller. It is still an open question whether we get value for the money.

* *

The discussions on the Budget resolutions were concluded on Thursday in the rarified atmosphere of high finance. The House was, however, able to indulge its propensities for comedy at the beginning of the day on the more comprehensible subject of the new safeguarding duty on buttons. These evidences of the Protectionist tendencies of the Conservative Party are opposed by the Liberals just as persistently but perhaps rather less seriously as time goes on. Mr. Herbert Williams having quoted from the preamble of an Act of 1662 to show that buttons were one of the State's oldest and most tenderly cared for "protégés," Mr. Crawford asked whether the alleged Liberal attachment to economic shibboleths was not out-matched by the mustiness of this Tory precedent. The House then passed to the National Debt.

It is hard luck on the Opposition that what seems to be the weakest part of the Budget should not easily be made the subject of popular outcry. Finance is too much for most members of the House of Commons. During debates of this kind they drift uneasily in and out of the Chamber, apparently alternating periods of strained attention with efforts to fix a half-grasped point in their minds. Mr. Runciman, who makes it all sound quite easy, returned to some points he made last week, and tried to make out that the Sinking Fund was really being whittled away to nothing. Unfortunately, he just overstepped the mark, and enabled Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, who was deputizing for the Chancellor, to confute him out of the pages of the Liberal yellow book to the general delight. Nevertheless, it was hard to escape the suspicion, largely confirmed as it was on behalf of the City of London by Mr. Edward Grenfell, that there is an undesirable element of wangle and gamble about some of the Budget's more technical financial provisions. Only an expert can appraise the risk, but the defence is that the prize is great.

* *

Sir James Agg-Gardner, the veteran Member for Cheltenham, whose Hire Purchase System Bill was counted out on Friday, enjoys the rare distinction of having been first elected before the Ballot Act and of having sat in the House of Commons with Disraeli. He would easily be father of the House if his membership had been continuous. It is a good many years since he took an active part in debate, but as Chairman of the Kitchen Committee he has been Minister of the Interior in several successive Parliaments. This is an office which does not depend on party fortunes, but is nevertheless open to assault at

question time. His proposal to exempt from distraint, in the interest of the vendor, property not fully paid for on an instalment plan raised some ticklish questions of law and equity, which gave Sir Boyd Merri-man his first opportunity for displaying his qualities as Solicitor-General. He expressed the Government's dislike of the Bill, whereupon—members being equally unwilling to oppose its respected proposer or to reject official guidance—no quorum remained to continue the discussion.

* *

On Monday the Government announced a settlement of the rival claims of the Basle Trading Company and the Commonwealth Trust. Mr. Amery concealed the consequences of official blunders beneath a cloak of virtuous magnanimity. The darkness of the Western African natives will henceforward be lightened from both sources. This example may have had something to do with the subsequent suggestion that the Home Office and the Office of Works should co-operate in throwing more light, both metaphorical and actual, on the darker aspects of Hyde Park. The House then proceeded to polish off its business at an unusually rapid pace. The report stage of the Franchise Bill produced an abbreviated repetition of the Committee debates on plural voting and election expenses, but without altering the result. On this occasion the Government put the Whips on against the motion to reduce the *per capita* maximum in boroughs, at which a number of Conservative members felt rather aggrieved, though few thought the point of sufficient importance to kick over the traces. The third reading was then passed without discussion, and flappers gave way to rabbits, but the Government's proposals for dealing with the depredations of the trespassing coney were so vigorously challenged that the prospect of an adjournment by dinner time soon disappeared.

* *

Tuesday was to have been divided between Scottish estimates and a private Bill promoted by the Borough of Bermondsey. An extraordinary exhibition of Socialist ineptitude sent the House home at 4.30 p.m. They first of all complained, although themselves responsible for choosing the subject of debate, that the departmental reports were not yet ready. Then Mr. James Brown, after protesting at Scotland being palmed off with a mere half day, moved to report progress. The Government, having no object to serve by opposing the motion, accepted it, thus hoisting the Opposition with their own petard and depriving them even of their half loaf. Sir Archibald Sinclair was seen to tear up a large sheaf of notes in disgust, this being presumably the Parliamentary equivalent of the military gesture of breaking one's sword across one's knee. Previously, at question time, the Government's decision to make Prince Carol of Rumania leave the country had already provided an example of Socialist muddle-headedness. They wanted to make sure that a Royalty was getting no better treatment than a Bolshevik, but did not want to appear to be approving of action against a political refugee. They only succeeded in being rather ridiculous.

* *

At question time on Wednesday, Capt. Crookshank, having received a somewhat evasive answer to his enquiry about liquor restrictions in clubs, taxed the Home Secretary with being even fonder of old "Dora" than of the youthful flapper. Sir William Joynson-Hicks explained that he was not so particular about the age as the sex. The second reading of the long-promised Agricultural Credits Bill then engaged the attention of the House for the rest of the day.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE FRENCH ELECTION

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

THE results of the Election need not be discussed. The Minister of the Interior, M. Sarraut, has published statistics showing that, in a Chamber of 612 members, "there will be a majority of about 340 for the policies of M. Poincaré."

This statement cannot be contradicted. Yet, as usual after an election, people differ in their interpretation of figures. M. Ponsot, editor of the Radical (*anglicé* Liberal) *La Voix*, is of the opinion that the new Chamber can in no wise be likened to the Bloc National of 1919, "for," he says, "the group led by M. Loucheur would not tolerate any modification of the laws which clericals intend to have repealed." On the other hand, the Socialist leader, Léon Blum, beaten in the election, thinks that M. Sarraut has been unduly conservative in his estimate and the majority for M. Poincaré must be at least 365. He supports this point of view by definite instances of deputies supposed by M. Sarraut to be on the Left, but who will in reality soon appear to side with M. Poincaré.

I think M. Blum is right. I personally know a new deputy elected under the ticket of "Socialist Republican," who in consequence is supposed to belong to the anti-Poincaré opposition. The sober fact is, that this so-called, or self-styled, Socialist is a resolute Conservative who may not be with the Socialists in a single division during the coming legislature. Why, then, does M. Sarraut try to minimize his principal's success? Are we witnessing a case where, according to the picturesque saying, "*La mariée est trop belle*"? No, but we can understand the feelings of M. Sarraut, if we go on with M. Blum's article, and read that the Election has been carried, not by M. Poincaré but by M. Marin, the leader of the Right. Clearly, M. Blum thinks that in the logic of the election M. Marin ought to do what M. Herriot did four years ago, viz., take the Premiership and banish the Opposition from his Cabinet, or, at all events, compel M. Poincaré to make an unmistakable gesture by getting rid at once of M. Herriot.

Is the Socialist politician right? It does seem improbable that M. Poincaré can retain office during four more years, and it is, on the contrary, probable that, when he has to resign office, he will be compelled to do so by the Conservatives. But the event I am considering, and, frankly, deploring, is not for to-morrow. M. Poincaré's intention, stated in his two recent addresses at Bordeaux and Carcassonne, is to go on with his policy of union and subordination of mere politics to serious financial issues. This means that he intends keeping on M. Herriot as Minister of Education and appearing on June 1 before the new Chamber with only one new minister, replacing M. André Fallières, beaten in his constituency. The consolidation begun on May 7, and the stabilization which will follow, will, M. Poincaré thinks, take many months during which politics had better be left alone.

Will M. Marin adopt this view? Undoubtedly he will. Do people realize that the return of M. Berthelot to the *Affaires Etrangères* was the result of a step taken by the Nationalist leader accompanied by M. Blum in person? A man capable of such Liberalism can certainly go on working with the now chastened M. Herriot. Those who doubt it are mainly Radical politicians still too full of the memory of what they did four years ago to M. Millerand and M. Poincaré to conceive of any other attitude on the part of their triumphant opponents. But they ought to notice one thing and remember another. Nobody with eyes to see can have failed to observe the sobriety with which the Moderates have taken their own success. On the other hand nobody with any memory can have forgotten that, with a much larger majority than they have

to-day, the deputies, led by M. Marin, continually from 1919 till 1924 supported Radical Prime Ministers. Why should they treat M. Poincaré less well than they treated M. Leygues?

Add that, according to all reports, the 240 new members who never sat in the Chamber before show a dominating interest in finance and economics and will be averse to the political game condemned by the recent election. The conclusion ought to be that M. Poincaré may have, at some future date, to rehandle his Cabinet, but his own position is secure and will remain so till some political issue of exceptional importance crops up. What this may be we do not know, but two are not unlikely, viz., a new political status for Alsace and Lorraine, or a return to the vote by groups of constituencies instead of by local units.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Dublin, May 8, 1928

"DRIVE the plough right up the slopes of Tara"—this remedy for Irish ills was thus vigorously expressed by the agrarian agitators of former times. The point lay in the contrast between the over-populated wastes, called rural slums, in the south and west of Ireland, and the rich but depopulated grazing lands in the province of Leinster. The Congested Districts Board, established by the British Government, hoped to solve the problem by methods less grandiose, such as local redistribution, the organization of fisheries, cottage industries and so forth. It could buy untenanted land or transfer congests thereto, but not outside the scheduled area. The first provision for drastic migration was provided by the Free State Land Act of 1923. This Act not only forced all Irish landlords to sell to their tenants, but it gave the Government power to acquire compulsorily, for the benefit of congests and landless men, "untenanted" land in any district in the Free State. The Irish country gentleman was left secure with nothing but his pleasure grounds. No more radical legislation than this Act was ever witnessed in these islands; and if the Irish gentry did not protest greatly against it, it was because life in the country under the conditions of civil war then raging had become so difficult that many of them were migrating to Dublin or to England, and were glad to find any purchaser for their properties.

Even after the expropriation of landlords and country gentlemen there is not enough land to distribute among the claimants, congests and farmers' sons (landless men); and the disappearance of big owners has produced unemployment. Moreover, the purchased tenants have had a hard struggle for livelihood during the agricultural depression of the past few years. Thus there is a discontent upon the land which politicians can exploit to their own purposes. When the Dail was recently discussing the work of the Land Commission in the distribution of estates, all the catchwords of agrarian agitation in the 'eighties found themselves fully re-employed by republican spokesmen. The oppression of "England" and of "landlordism" still stands, we were told, between Utopia and our rural population, and the annuities which Government collects from purchased Irish tenants are represented as a tribute to the British Empire. In the case of holdings bought under Land Acts previous to 1923, the Free State hands over the annual amounts to the British Government, and the British Government pays the holders of Irish Land Stock. That Irish land stock by this time is as likely to be in the hands of Viennese Jews as of Irish ex-landlords is a reflection which has not disturbed the melodramatic vision of our republicans.

The Fianna Fail has also accused the Land Commission of political partisanship in the redistribution of land. The claims of those who vote for the Government are, it says, satisfied before the claims of republican landless men. More significant is the prediction of a Labour member in regard to a new land war between migrants from congested districts and landless men. The settling of migrants from stony Kerry and Connemara in the rich midland plain has already occurred. A week or two ago thirty-five families with their cattle and movable possessions were brought from what M. Paul Bourget called *le royaume des pierres* to Edenderry in Offaly, where houses and holdings had been provided for them. What they left of stone and bog will be divided among their old neighbours; and they had, we are told, a cordial send-off. The nature of their welcome in the midlands has not yet been recorded.

It is a picturesque incident, this reappearance within an hour or two of Dublin of folk, inheritors of the "hidden culture" of the Gael, whose habitual speech is Irish. These families and their kind had hitherto subsisted on what had been sent back to them by relatives, American emigrants; and indeed there has been no eastward movement of the Gael in recorded history. But generally I understand it is not the intention of the Land Commission to deal with the *Gaelthacht* economic problem by long distance migration, since this would add to the bitterness of the struggle for land in Ireland by introducing into it elements of regional and provincial jealousies. Racially the congest from Kerry is as different from the midland farmer as the latter was from his former "Anglo-Irish" landlord.

These Gaels came from villages on the extreme west of the Dingle peninsula facing the Blasquet islands to which one crosses in a curragh with the postman who is a poet. Synge described the Blasquets in some of his essays; and another frequent visitor to the islands has been Mr. Robin Flower, Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum, an Irish scholar. Mr. Flower has just delivered in Dublin two entrancing lectures on these "gull-haunted rocks," which carry the last light that the traveller sees on the journey to America. There two Spanish galleons were lost; but folk tradition which is so wayward tells nothing of the Armada except to point out a grave on the island, which is called the grave of the King of Spain's son—the illegitimate Prince of Ascula. The Blasquets are still an "older and simpler world" with a poet and storyteller for the chief figure in the community; but even here English is creeping in, and Mr. Flower urged that the Irish songs and stories and the island traditions should be written down before they were lost to the world. The matter is of interest not only to patriots who would preserve the old language, but also to scholars who would save an epoch in history.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, too, has been in Dublin, where he came under the auspices of a religious society to speak on 'Pagan and Modern Rome.' Some non-Catholics penetrated into the crowded audience, their curiosity piqued by recent newspaper reports of trouble between Fascism and the Vatican; but Mr. Chesterton did not tread delicate ground. He merely told Irish Catholics what already they are apt to believe, namely, that the "only important thing" about Rome is the Pope, centre of the Catholic Church; that Mussolini is a passing figure, for good or evil; melodramatic fears and expectations in secular politics are alike illusory—from this the transition was easy to a safe subject for Catholic humour, Mr. H. G. Wells and his utopias.

Other literary and intellectual representatives of English Roman Catholicism, such as Mr. Belloc and Father Knox, have also been here during the past year, and they received a popular welcome. These are gestures of friendliness between co-religionists, and do not indicate that Irish Roman Catholics are feeling the pressure of any difficulties. On the part of the

English some curiosity is perhaps felt in regard to the emergence at their doors of what is virtually a Catholic State. In former times relations between Irish and English Roman Catholics were none too friendly. Newman and that strange and still underrated poet, Father Gerard Hopkins, who was a professor in Dublin, had Irish experiences that were almost tragic. The old English Catholic families showed little sympathy for the Irish national movement, and regarded the association of Irish bishops and clergy with it as tantamount to an indulgence of Jacobinism.

ON SOMETHING ELSE

BY GERALD GOULD

THERE was once a man who enjoyed remorse, and whose whole life was an apology for living. He loved nothing so much as to be insulted; for that gave him a chance to write and say he was sorry. I sometimes suspected that he was eaten from within by the devilish worm of pride, to such a pitch that he could not express his scorn of his fellows save by the gestures of abjection. Mere arrogance was too easy for him, superblity too low; he had to get down into the dust in order to observe the ignominy of its creatures.

If I recant a heresy, I hope it will not be attributed to that motive. If I confess that I made a mistake, it is for no better reason than that I made a mistake. I refer to my attack upon travel. (You don't remember it? Well, well! Now that I come to think of it, travel has surprisingly gone on ever since the attack was delivered. But the harm I might have done, if anybody had noticed!) I pretended to be satisfied with cultivating my garden; it was the poets who had led me up it. All that stuff about letting the fancy roam—about having the wide world at your feet, when your feet are on the fender or the mantelpiece—about the range and sovereignty of the mind! I repeated it with sincerity, for I thought I preferred my slippers to the stars. But I was wrong; and, if I were in Harley Street, I would pocket guineas with the best of them for saying: "You need a change."

Nothing too rigorous, of course. I do not desire effort, for I am fatigued by effort: nor danger, for I am afraid of danger: nor adventure, for adventure is apt to be both fatiguing and dangerous. If one could be somewhere without going there, it would be preferable to the vibrations and contumelies of a journey: it is better to arrive hopefully than to travel. But change is essential, even at the cost of changing. We are too easily censorious when we read of bright young people who turn night into day, wear pyjamas for the drinking of cocktails before breakfast, and presumably climb into boiled shirts to go to bed. Their instinct is right; they are at once lengthening life and enjoying it. Bingo (known as Bingo to his friends) did well to make his aeroplane look like a submarine, and Stingo (universally called Stingo among her intimates) to turn her house-boat into a boat-house. Doubt begins only when the movement spreads downwards to literature, and Lingo publishes his prose as poetry. But then, there is no change there.

I was pained recently to receive a letter from a friend in Italy, describing delyrically (a portmanteau word) the nightingales that sang all

night long in the magnolia, the blue lakes, the whitecapped mountains, the camelias and wistaria and lilac and apple-blossom. I could retort with lilac and apple-blossom of my own; English lark and English blackbird sing not too badly; and we can even do you an occasional nightingale (though the only one I have heard this year was easily discouraged, and in fact, between you and me, can't really have been a nightingale at all). But blue lakes and white-capped mountains we are, in the home-counties, very nearly out of. I dream of Alps, visited all night by troops of stars; and of olive-silvery Sirmio, lapped with laughing water. It's O to be in Italy, now that April, or May, is here! Not that there is really anything in the world more lovely than our downs and dells; Italians, to be sure, find them worth a visit; but Italy, for us, has the glory of being Somewhere Else. It is a change.

The French believe the English to be a depraved nation, immoral in outlook and conduct; or so at least my cosmopolitan friends tell me—perhaps to protect themselves from the suspicion of being taken in by the virtuosity-in-vice of Montmartre. Yet I cannot think that the Frenchman, when he alights at Victoria, feels quite the gusto and abandon which lift the heart of the Englishman at the Gare du Nord. What is it, that sparkle in the emotional air, which makes even the briefest week-end in Paris seem like the reward of wandering—the promise of a home as far as possible from home? You can carry your troubles down to Dover; some of us do not altogether lose them on the Channel; neither Calais nor Boulogne will in an instant bring back the flush of joy to the pallid, and make the green one red; but Paris!—Paris is as full of miracles as champagne of bubbles, and flings them up with as provocative a winking. There are chefs, one admits, in Soho, and shows in the Strand: indeed, I have a London friend who graced his return from the Continent by the remark that it was nice to get back to good French cooking: and I have seen a farce at the Palais Royal which would never have passed our own West End standards of impropriety. But it is not the same thing, somehow. Our appetizers are not so appetizing, nor our naughtiness so nice, as the Parisian variety. A score of places within a mile of Charing Cross will serve you with a glass of first-rate lager beer; but the stuff tastes rarer if you call for a *bock*, and twice as good if you call for a *demi*. They order these drinks better in France.

It matters not what you do, or don't do, when in Paris. I cannot count the hours I have spent mooning along the quays, looking at decayed books and damp pictures; others make finds and bargains there, and come away hugging great piles of volumes for which they would have had to pay as much in London; but I have never found anything I wanted to buy, or spent so much as a centime. Yet what matter? Browsing raises a thirst.

I once spent a day in Africa. But to Spain, where my friends have taken to taking their holidays, I mean never to go—I have too many castles there. The crippling truth is, I find Paris so satisfying that I have little temptation to push beyond it. I am always speculating about German spas and Scandinavian summers; but it

always ends with Saturday to Monday on the Boulevards. Perhaps (O ugly thought!), if I had ever spent much more than a week-end there, the glamour would fade into the light of common day, the bubbles would forsake the wine-like air, the busy pedestrians and loud cars would come to earth. Perhaps, if one lived in it, Paris would cease to be Somewhere Else. There is a lot to be said for remaining a Londoner.

Nothing illustrates the humiliating dependence of the mind upon the body more vividly than the extension of view, and adjustment of perspective, which can be obtained by merely moving the corporeal frame from one spot upon the globe's surface to another. If I were rich, I should spend on going abroad all the time that I could spare from coming home. Cares that cloud the firmament from Canning Town fade into thin wisps that scarcely stain the ether when one looks up from a spot two hundred miles away; and the secret of long life is diversity. It is routine that eats the hours, and habit that is locust to the years. Do the same thing in the same way at the same time, over and over, and your hair will be white and your limbs tired before you know where you are: you *cannot* know where you are, save by having Somewhere Else to compare with it. How fortunate then are they who feel no restraint save their own will—and what infinite demands of spiritual strength and peace do we make upon them who perform, year in, year out, the dull and regular business of civilization! The worker in the field, no doubt, has many escapes from monotony: the skies change above him, and each season asks a separate skill; the motions of bird and beast are various, cries and echoes of a disturbing originality bring on the morning and accompany the evening to its close. But to add figures every day, or to turn the same screw, and to keep the mind lively and humorous and sympathetic! "The thing is daily done, by many and many a one": it proves that the world is largely peopled by saints and heroes. Saints, who carry their Heaven with them, so that they need not run about the earth: heroes, who face without flinching that greatest peril, of going on. Yes, and poets, philosophers, whose dreams give them France and Italy, brisk boulevard and blue lake: who find *bocks* in the running brooks, Sirmios in stones, and good in everything.

LAW AND LIFE—I

THE acquittal of Sir Leo Money and Miss Savage before Mr. Cancellor of indecent conduct in Hyde Park should prove a salutary check on police activities of the Paul Pry variety. The fact that the parties were sitting quite near other people, and that the police made no effort whatsoever to get their evidence corroborated by an independent witness who arrived to restore Sir Leo Money his umbrella, naturally induced the magistrate not to convict respectable persons of unblemished record on *uncorroborated police evidence* of an offence which might easily involve social ostracism or loss of earning power or employment.

There have been too many instances in recent years of the police obviously seeing what they had gone out to see. The Fraser Luckie case in the last years of the war was one of the most flagrant,

and one suspects that a certain percentage of convictions obtained on uncorroborated police evidence have inflicted undeserved suffering and hardship where the parties have not been rich enough to appeal.

The net result of the Money case was that Sir Leo's house was burgled with impunity. It may be feared that many thieves and murderers escape justice owing to the Puritanical espionage employed on a lavish scale to detect poorer offenders who are driven to open spaces by lack of domestic privacy. Victims of the system such as alleged prostitutes are seldom grateful for philanthropic intervention; they say that it simply exposes them to more intensive persecution. The individual policeman is usually human and genial, but he acts quite differently as and when part of the rather Prussian machine which has grown up in the last 20 years. His evidence becomes more a matter of discipline than justice, and the rough treatment of Sir Leo Money while offering no resistance shows a certain police contempt of personal rights.

* * *

Certain magistrates, both in London and the provinces, are to blame for the present conditions. They listen to a policeman or to a complaining wife rather as a headmaster listens to an assistant master's complaint about a naughty boy, and take little trouble to elicit the truth or to give a fair hearing to an accused person, who is often unaccustomed to glib retort or to legal disputes. It is, or at any rate ought to be, well known that many husbands prefer imprisonment to paying arrears of maintenance owing to their keen resentment of magisterial injustice.

Much the same set of considerations emerges in connexion with what are called street offences. Even putting aside any question of corruption the acceptance of police opinion and evidence as infallible encourages a hectoring attitude on the part of the police which is much to be deplored—especially when they become the tools of the Puritanical inquisitor. A virtuous peer once confessed in print that he was in the habit of investigating the sexual morality of Hampstead Heath at night with the aid of an electric torch, and if this perambulation were to become part of the police routine (as it easily might for policewomen) the annoyance and expense involved would become intolerable—but the British public seem nowadays disposed to put up with any tyranny or humiliation without even protesting.

* * *

Fortunately, there is a growing and successful revolt against the encroachments of the bureaucracy on the law courts, the latest example of which is the rejection of clause 4 in the Rating and Valuation Bill, which sought to obtain by devious methods judicial sanction instead of legal advice in respect of departmental policy. There are still, however, too many examples of a bureaucrat being enabled to act as judge in his own cause, and the Lord Chief Justice has, with the assistance of Mr. A. P. Herbert, done much to expose this public grievance. We shall perhaps one day begin to recover from the Prussian notions of government which were popularized from 1885 onwards by the Fabian Society and particularly by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb until they destroyed the old Liberal Party by substituting German for French political philosophy and the doctrines of the Servile State for the ideal of individual liberty. Such are the effects of "permeation"!

Our traditions of freedom, though eclipsed for a time, have mercifully been preserved by the Common Law of England, which has acted as a reservoir of liberty much as the medieval monastery was a

reservoir of learning, and we may yet see better days.

* * *

Our early medieval law did not allow a husband and a father of a family freedom to cut either his wife or children entirely out of his will as in modern England. The widow's right of dower was long ago paralysed by the conveyancers of the eighteenth century, and her right, together with the children's right to an inalienable share of personalty (preserved to-day in Scots law and under the Napoleonic Code in nearly all Continental countries), vanished before the Reformation. Lord Astor is now raising the point in the House of Lords.

Most practising lawyers have come across cases of serious injustice due to what is a legal anomaly arising from a series of historical incidents, namely: (1) the anti-clerical feeling of Edward III's Lords in Parliament; (2) the fact that the Church gained legacies by letting the right fall into disuse, and (3) the fact that land in the Middle Ages was far more important than personalty.

LYCURGUS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

AMERICA IN LABOUR

SIR,—Someone mentioned to me the Teapot Dome scandal, the Ku Klux Klan lynchings, the shooting down in cold blood of striking miners in Colorado and the lawlessness in Chicago as conditions indicating that America is worse than England, where none of these evils occurs.

When comparing the moral state of England and America, it must not be overlooked that England is old, and America is young. In her younger days, England, too, had her lawlessness, murders and bloodshed. She had her Jack Cade insurrection, her Guy Fawkes conspiracy, her bloody Judge Jeffreys, her Star Chamber, her cutpurses, thieves and murderers. There was a time in England when it was not safe for a man to be out of his house after dark; and when thievery was so prevalent that they used to hang a man for stealing a shilling. England is now orderly, and America is disorderly, just as an adult is quiet and decorous, and a youth noisy and turbulent.

Our sensational newspapers exaggerate the crime situation considerably. We are not quite so bad as some outsiders think. And, after all, the quality of a nation cannot be determined by the presence or absence of outward crime and lawlessness; for outward crime and lawlessness may be due more to false teaching, lack of teaching, and lack of law enforcement than to any innate lack of morality or to any actual depravity in the people themselves. Indeed, certain kinds of lawlessness (so called) are merely ways of adjustment to new conditions, or ways of attaining to stable and right conditions, and in certain cases may actually be justified as religious and moral (if not legal) methods of protesting against unjust, false, evil and intolerable conditions. For instance, were not the barons of England justified in rebelling against that wicked tyrant, King John, and in compelling him to subscribe to the famous charter of Liberty, Magna Charta? One cannot make an omelette without breaking the eggs. There is bound to be a certain amount of noise, turbulence and agony when a great nation comes to the birth. It was so in England, it is so now in America. America is now suffering the throes of her birth pangs. She has come of age, yes; but she must yet be born anew.

Our worst evils in America are not crime and lawlessness. Would God that they were!—I say it in all reverence. Our worst evils are false teaching, lack of knowledge, lack of spiritual perception and spiritual culture and a too great devotion to material pursuits. But there are a few choice spirits among us who see the evil and are fighting it, a little band of noble men and women who "love the stars too much to fear the night," and who are saying to one another, "Be of good courage, and let us play the men (and women) for our people, and for the cities of our God." At present our people sit unashamed in their own corruption. But out of this America, "God's Country," out of this "dunghill," as some are doubtless pleased to call her, a fair flower, a noble vine shall arise, and shall take root and spread among the nations—not by conquest, not by sword and oppression, but by a renewed knowledge, a reawakened conscience, and a thirst for righteousness that shall reach to the uttermost ends of the earth.

I am, etc.,

Cœur d'Alene,
Idaho, U.S.A.

CHARLES HOOPER

THE BUDGET

SIR,—It may be due to congenital incapacity, but I cannot, for the life of me, discover any merit in Mr. Churchill's Budget. To impose a tax on the class least able to bear it and take it off in a hurry at the behest of the party of wire-pullers, is, to me, indicative of bankruptcy of resource rather than the premonition of a "bold, ambitious and comprehensive policy." Admitted that reform of our rating system is overdue it cannot be said that it has been undertaken on the right lines. Relief to industry and agriculture should be the happy result of reform, not its primary instigation.

As for the fixed debt charge that is to "extinguish all our debt, internal and external . . . without any addition to present taxation within a period of exactly fifty years," it is incredible that a responsible statesman should make so rash a prediction. If Mr. Churchill could guarantee fifty years without war he might be justified in his prophecy, but, can he foresee fifty months or even fifty weeks of certain peace? He knows he cannot.

The crowning iniquity, however, is the transfer of the Treasury Note Issue to the Bank of England; an act of high treason for which the ministers responsible deserve impeachment and a spectacular end to their career on Tower Hill; but, alas, Parliament is no longer a trustworthy guardian of the Royal Prerogative.

The fact is that Mr. Churchill has had to face an impossible task, and it matters little who follows him in his Sisyphean labour; whether it be the ultra-orthodox Mr. Snowden or some bank-trained City Liberal, no Chancellor of the Exchequer can solve the problem of unemployment, arrest industrial and agricultural decay, so long as he is only the obedient mouthpiece of a Bank of England policy, which, in its turn, is subject to the benevolent machinations of the Federal Reserve Bank, by whose grace we live.

Is it not becoming fairly obvious even to the casual observer that, except for the attainment of its own ends, which are not necessarily coincident with the national interests, "sound finance" is played out? Now if that were merely the unsupported opinion of the writer, it would not be worth recording, but there are men of unchallengeable authority in the world of finance and banking who are not satisfied that the existing credit policy is as perfect as it might be—and the only way to bring its defects to daylight and provide the data for a policy of financial reconstruction is to grant the public enquiry that is being demanded on all sides.

Had Mr. Churchill frankly accepted this demand and incorporated it in his Budget statement he might have stamped himself a creative statesman—instead of a clever politician—and cleverness is not enough where such great issues are concerned.

I am, etc.,

J. S. KIRKBRIDE

The Old Hall, Lowdham, Notts

THE AMENITIES OF OXFORD

SIR,—I note that your Oxford correspondent in his interesting letter of April 28 writes as follows: "One has to follow the same road out to Boar's Hill, and see wealthy Colleges like St. John's and New College offering publicly on large boards their share of those slopes to the highest bidder for the erection of pretentious and insincere villas in order to understand what an isolated act of public spirit this is, and to be sufficiently grateful for it." On this may I point out that New College purchased 353 acres of land on Boar's Hill, including Matthew Arnold's Childsworth Farm, mainly in order to preserve this beautiful region from the jerry builder; that before the College stepped in and made its purchase two houses had been erected on the upper part of the slope and the sites for two more already sold; and that the College does not propose to develop more than the very small area, ten acres in all, the character of which is already determined by these buildings?

Your College correspondent assumes that the villas to be erected will be "pretentious and insincere." Why so? The College architect for this area is Sir Herbert Baker.

I am, etc.,

H. A. L. FISHER

The Warden's Lodgings,
New College, Oxford

THE CRIMINAL, THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—I hope you will pardon my presuming to cumber your columns with a letter on the subject of crime and capital punishment, but I have lately heard so many good bourgeois folk waxing virtuous over the Press recitals of the crimes of the men condemned in a recent case, that I am impelled by mild indignation to write to you.

Samuel Butler was rather a lonely pioneer, but he sowed the seeds of a new conception, and I think it must be obvious to all who think soundly that crime should properly be considered as a disease, rather than as an offence against public morality. To my mind, pity and shame for our kind should take the place of the loathing instilled by our deplorable daily Press. And what is more terrible than anything else is the harmful effect of those nauseating columns upon millions of credulous and morbid minds. Viewed in this light, the ordinary newspaper fare of the man in the street, the most important of men, is nothing short of poisonous.

I am, etc.,

H. F. RAYBONE

400 Bilston Lane, Willenhall, Staffs

GREYHOUND RACING

SIR,—The greyhound racing syndicates claim that the vested interests of their shareholders should be respected; no doubt some compensation might be paid if it were proved that new legislation had prevented these shareholders from getting a fair return for their money (based on the intrinsic value of their grounds and stands). But to prevent injustice, any measure to restrict greyhound racing should be taken at once and before such vested interests develop into a real difficulty.

Horse racing admittedly cannot carry on without the attraction of betting. But dog racing, which need not disburse large stakes and has access to a large public, should be able to do without it. In France, Spain, Greece, the Transvaal, New Zealand, most parts of Australia, and many other countries, betting is forbidden on dog races; and there has not been a single complaint that the working classes are unfairly deprived of a sport. It is recognized that horse racing already gives ample opportunities for betting, and there is no object in extending and increasing these facilities.

Dog racing, according to its promoters, diminishes street betting; and, according to its critics, teaches women to bet. These assertions may be hard to test, but, held in a city at night, it seems to resolve itself into a casino; and, in countries where casinos are permitted, they are purposely kept out of the reach of the poorer classes.

I am, etc.,

C. A. KNAPP

Athens

RURAL PROBLEMS

SIR,—May a countrybred, whose painful duty it has been to read yards of tosh about village life, congratulate you on Mr. Easterbrook's articles? Here is someone who knows what he is talking about.

His remarks in one article on "the inferiority complex," with its innate dislike of patronage and snobbery, yet a ready welcome for accepted "superiors," interests me. I have noticed it and attributed it to the fact that many villagers are of gentle blood; in previous generations from one cause or another, possibly through no personal fault, they have sunk in the social scale without losing their prejudices. Here is an illustration. The road-mender in my childhood's village, an illiterate ancient, was directly and lawfully descended from a knight in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The grave-stones in the churchyard and a neighbouring churchyard testified to this truth. Others, whose descent was not so clearly defined, were in all respects, save dialect, gentlefolk.

What puzzles me is how is it possible to make work on the land anything but a cul-de-sac for the labourer? As education increases, the problem becomes more urgent. If, e.g., Worth had stopped at Bourn and not found his way to Paris, would he ever have left hold of the plough?

I am, etc.,

A RECTOR'S SON

BAD NAMES

SIR,—Miss Rose Macaulay in her article on 'Bad Names' was puzzled by the expression "Circulating library subscriber" as an opprobrious title. I think without doubt this dates back to 1775, when Sheridan wrote in 'The Rivals,' Act I, Scene 2, prose which will bear repetition:

SIR ANTHONY: Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they, who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

MRS. MALAPROP: Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

I am, etc.,

"DORIC"

NAPOLÉON AND ST. HELENA

SIR,—A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* recently quoted from various sources in his endeavour to show that the Emperor Napoleon was very leniently treated at St. Helena. The unnecessary harshness of the then existing British Government, which was unworthy

of a great nation, consisted in their persistent refusal to address the illustrious captive as Emperor, which the writer attempts to justify on the ground that we alone of the nations of Europe had successfully withstood him when his power was at its zenith. This ungenerous action on the part of the British Government displayed a lack of consideration for the feelings of a fallen great man, and was resented not only by Napoleon but by the French officers who volunteered and considered it a privilege to share his exile.

I am, etc.,

OWEN HOWARD OWEN

Huntsill and Sampford Brett,
Somerset

THE OPERA

GLUCK AND WAGNER

FROM the historical point of view there could have been no more interesting conjunction than that of Gluck's 'Armide' with Wagner's 'Ring' at Covent Garden last week. It not only brought together the works of the two great operatic reformers, but also showed at once how far the earlier anticipated many of the later composer's ideas and by how much he fell short of his achievement. Perhaps anticipation is not quite the right word, for Gluck did not consciously set about giving expression to those elements of German folk-lore which in Wagner's works took the form of the Rhine-daughters, and of Klingsor's Flower-maidens. It will be remembered that he took over the stiff classical text, based upon a story of Tasso's, which Quinault had written for Lully a century before. The libretto of 'Armide' is typical of its period and of its nationality. There is no romance in its frigid verse, and the nymphs and naiads are only a part of the stock conventions of the French seventeenth-century ballet-opera, in which pomp and spectacle played a great part. The text is, in fact, more nearly related to our own Purcell's 'King Arthur' than to the romantic and anthropomorphic legends of Germany.

Such is the power of music, however, that the German Gluck managed to transform the spirit of the whole thing and, without altering a line of Quinault's text, he created out of a classical drama what may with justice be called the first great romantic opera. There was bound to be some incongruity in the process, and, strictly judged, the warm passion of Armide's music is absurdly at variance with the words she sings—a fact which was mercifully disguised by translation into German and the general inaudibility of the singer's diction. I do not pretend that Quinault had written a classic masterpiece. The whole of the fourth act, in which the Danish Knight and Ubald are successively tempted by "démons" disguised as young women, is a ridiculously clumsy way of introducing to us the future rescuers of Rinald from Armide's enchantments. Yet the libretto is not, within its own conventions, as contemptible as Gluck, going outside those conventions, made it seem. It is not the least odd fact that the theorizing Gluck should not have perceived the impossibility of successfully utilizing for his own novel method of presentation a book intended for a very different style of music. But Gluck was quite consciously bidding for the favour of the French critics, who had attacked his previous operas, by setting what was regarded by them as a national classic. He was far from successful, as was inevitable, in silencing opposition, and brought upon himself the wrath of La Harpe,

who stigmatized the part of Armide as "a monotonous and fatiguing shriek." Gluck had "forgotten," continues this critic, "that she was an enchantress, not a sorceress" like Medea. Mme. Leider's performance certainly lent colour to this last remark; for, fine artist as she is in a great tragic part, she carries too heavy an armament for this rôle and lacks the seductive quality it demands. Nevertheless, the production and performance were, in spite of some pretty and bad scenery, far better than one could have anticipated, since Gluck's style is so different from that to which the operatic singers of to-day are accustomed, that it was not unnatural to expect a far less homogeneous result. Partly because it was sung in German, the total effect was too heavy, with the result that the less inspired moments sounded very dull. The large number of English singers in the cast acquitted themselves very well, notably Miss Marion McAfee, who sang the beautiful Naiad's air with great delicacy and charm.

When all is said and done, it must be admitted that Gluck lacked the strong musical genius, which saved Wagner from becoming an arid theorist. It was not that Gluck carried out his theories with consistency, for he was rather less strict in his adherence to the ideas expressed in his writings than even Wagner was. Wagner could never have made the mistake of setting a text that was alien to his musical style and thereby making it seem more ridiculous than it already was. As everyone knows, he wrote his own librettos, which were constructed according to operatic theories, evolved at great length out of his own head. But not everyone has perceived how his strong musical instinct shaped those librettos, quite unconsciously I believe, so that they became ideal scaffoldings for his symphonic style. In 'The Ring' it was partly due to accident that the design took its peculiar shape—the accident that the last part of the poem was written first, so that we get those frequent recapitulations of the whole story, which are dramatically so redundant, but musically so invaluable. If Wagner did not perceive their value, he certainly made good use of them, and in 'Tristan' he repeated the whole process in a highly condensed form. In the first act, for example, the carefully placed repetitions of the sailor's song, of Isolde's command to Tristan, of the passage about the casket of drugs and of several other details make the act ideal for musical setting, given the Wagnerian system of musical development, while Tristan's delirium at the end gives the composer the opportunity for a marvellous recapitulation of all that has gone before.

In 'Die Meistersinger' the process is rather different, since the whole work pivots, musically, round the Preislied. But the principle of repetition is the same, though the foreknowledge which we all have nowadays of Walther's song in its final form somewhat blunts our interest in its slow, but wonderful, evolution from scattered fragments in the score. If, therefore, Wagner was in some respects a bad theorist, he was in practice the greatest of all operatic librettists, since he produced texts that were almost ideally suited to his particular methods of composition—an ironic fact in view of his thesis that the drama was the all-important thing and music merely its handmaid. Yet how often, even to-day, we hear the old criticism of the "tiresome" repetitions in 'The Ring,' which are in fact the very bones of its musical anatomy.

Of the cycle just ended, I heard only 'Die Walküre.' The first act was superbly done. Mme. Lehmann's Sieglinde was a great piece of singing and acting. Every phrase was tuneful and shapely, and every gesture was full of meaning, not carried out in order to make some movement for movement's sake. Herr Melchior has at last developed into as good a Siegmund as one can hope to hear. His single lapse was in the familiar love-duet, where he failed in a

curious way to catch the lyrical spirit of the music and even its rhythm. Mme. Ohms was a singularly appealing Brünnhilde in the quieter moments of her part. She looked youthful and womanly, but these very qualities militated against her success as the warrior-woman. There was little of the divinity in her summons to Siegmund, and her voice, warm and sympathetic though it was, is not of the kind that cuts through an orchestral climax. She acted very well with Herr Rode, the Wotan, having, indeed, the advantage of coming from the same opera-house, where the parts have been carefully studied without any slavish regard for tradition. Herr Rode, good though he was, disappointed me because I heard him sing the part very much better in Munich four years ago. Then he got far more intimacy and subtlety into his narration to Brünnhilde, but the over-emphasis and apparent hardening of his voice may have been due to unfamiliarity with Covent Garden Theatre. The orchestra played very well. There were some bad moments, but these are of no account in comparison with the splendid response made by the players to Herr Walter's broad conception of the whole work. H.

ART

THE LONDON GROUP

BY WALTER BAYES

WITH the retrospective exhibition celebrating its fifteenth birthday, the London Group issues a justifiable challenge to critics as to its importance as a society. If, as may well be the case, their verdict endorses its claim to having served during the period in question as a "Department of Research" for the artistic profession, there should be attracted to the Gallery a public other than the small band of faithful adherents usually to be found there. It may be pertinent then to address a few general observations to these sometimes puzzled and annoyed persons who find themselves for the first time face to face with modern art—the art largely, too largely if you will, of research.

The London Group has been well served by its Presidents—Harold Gilman and Messrs. Bernard Adeney, Frank Dobson and Rupert Lee, but the man who made the Society possible (and by a happy chance there is a show of his pictures at the Leicester Galleries) was Spencer Gore, around whose character (rather than of Raphael as its author implied) Pater's article on 'Diaphaneité' would but for chronological difficulties appear to have been written. He had a mind perfectly receptive to new ideas (without any curiosity as to whether they were likely to "take on") and I recall as characteristic how, at a time when he was painting entirely from nature and I wanted him to work more from cumulative experience, he retorted that that would amount to "Infidelity to the Present." No one was ever less hide-bound, yet the visitor who is aghast at much that he sees in Burlington Gardens finds at the Leicester Galleries nothing *outré*. If modern painting had not gone further than this, he would say he could bear with it gladly.

It is necessary for the general public to make for Research in the domain of Art some of the allowances which are allowed the scientist. With all his curiosity as to experiment, Gore was at bottom absorbed in the making of beautiful things, nor was he the only member of the London Group who thus subordinated research to production. Mr. Sickert was always too wise a bird to allow the irruption of undigested novelty to tear the fabric of a nicely woven talent. When Poussin was asked how it came about that he painted so well, he answered, "Je n'ai rien négligé," and we are allowed to think that this implied not smug self-

satisfaction but the recognition that painting was a complex business not to be summed up in a phrase.

The modern mania for "putting the thing in a nutshell" is perhaps at the bottom of our numerous proclamations virtually beginning, "The essential thing in art is—" the rest of the sentence varying according to conviction from Renoir's "D'avoir le sentiment des tectins et des fesses" to others less physical but not always more comprehensible. From the moment that you set out to test the merits of any of these propositions it is your business as that of any other inquirer to isolate the experiment. "No doubt," the painter would say, "my picture might still hold good if I endowed it with all sorts of other virtues, but my object is to demonstrate the power of one factor." It is unfair if after endless trouble in filtering off foreign elements the public rails at him for having failed to secure them.

If the visitor who is not an habitu  of modern galleries will go round the London Group making this surely reasonable allowance he will be surprised to find how largely, in spite of the restrictions imposed upon themselves by the artists, each manages to carry on the game of painting. It will occur to him also that while these experiments may not always produce an art of great depth, they should be a training in adaptability of great value. For while none of the principles celebrated need be regarded as the essential thing in painting, each may in certain circumstances become essential for the time being, and the habit of working on such an hypothesis is then seen to have the practical value of training the painter to a power of transposing his thought from one conventional system to another.

The adaptable modern artist is more free to judge of the requirements of a situation than was his predecessor and thus we find that the cubist movement, which has almost passed now from the London Group Exhibitions, is by way of transforming the hoardings under the leadership of Mr. McKnight Kauffer, that the wise impresario is coming to recognize that it is from these artists that he may get help in stage design, while the sculptors of the group (continually gaining in importance) are almost alone among their compatriots in their powers of strongly characteristic invention, which can yet stand up to a formal architectural setting.

THE THEATRE SACRED AND PROFANE LIFE

By IVOR BROWN

A King's Daughter. By John Masefield. R.A.D.A. Players. May 7.

Love in a Village. By Isaac Bickerstaffe. Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Varieties. The Alhambra.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of my miseducation was devoted to the study of 'O. T.' The villainous thing about 'O. T.' was that the initials were completely misleading. I did not spend strenuous Sabbaths with the splendour of the Old Testament; instead I was compelled to pore over disgusting paraphrases prepared by the underemployed clergy and reverend pedagogues whose notions of the English language were apparently derived from Fleet Street in the eighteen-eighties. Prophets were continually "hailing from" Dan and "repairing to" Beersheba. The result of my compulsory application to these odious hack-books was a complete ignorance of the Bible and a vague belief that there must be a tremendous significance for civilization in the tribal massacres and dynastic complications of Asia Minor. A little reflection occurred at the age of sixteen and

that reflection was damaging to the claims of Jehovah to be any better than the other gods whose servants were so industriously slaughtered. Later on I discovered that 'O. T.' was worth while for the splendid noise it made, but I have never persuaded myself that the history of the Jews from the Creation to the Captivity is anything but a dismal record which entirely justifies the famous remarks of the poet Lucretius on the subject of religion.

Of that conclusion I was reminded by Mr. Masefield's play about Jezebel. Mr. Masefield hints at a line of criticism which it would well have repaid him to develop. He presents Jezebel as a great lady coming from the elegant civilization of Sidon to be a queen over the parochial Samaria, where peevish prophets of the Lord are continually crying out for other people to kill and to be killed in the best manner of the gutter Press in war-time. She has come from purple and fine linen to the scrubby little Court of Ahab. All around is the tribal virulence of the self-righteous warriors of Jehovah. Because she washes and attends to her person the dingy priests, seeming all beard and bombast, conclude that cleanliness is next to ungodliness and, taking the usual line of the chapel, conclude that anything or anyone rising above their own sorry level of social decency must be a wicked and wanton passenger fleeing down the path to hell. There is in this notion of Jezebel as altogether a cut above the tribe into which she married the matter for a good prose-play in the manner of G. B. S. Unfortunately, Mr. Masefield has been too busy remembering that he is a poet. Accordingly he has run away from an excellent historical subject and goes dithering into long, irrelevant choruses about Helen of Troy as though he had been reading Professor Murray's romantic versions of Euripides and could not get them out of his head. What is needed is a reminder that, while a very great civilization was moving westward and northward from the littoral of Egypt and of Sidon with Crete as its splendid stepping-stone to Greece, the Jews were merely a backward tribe of rhetorical cut-throats, whose conduct seems all the more unpleasant because they could commit no outrage without calling it their duty. That, no doubt, is a common fault in nations, but it was particularly in evidence when the prophets of Jehovah were on the rampage. A sum of comparisons between the civilization of the Cretan and the squalor of the Israelite would have to consider the effort of the Jews to consider God as an abstract idea and to abolish idols. The effort failed, but it should be remembered to their credit.

Mr. Masefield has hovered on the verge of a play that would really place the Ahab-Jehu civilization into which Jezebel came by marriage. Would he had been less lyrical and more explicit! I implore him to rewrite this play, dropping the choruses and putting in some vigorous dialectic in which Jezebel speaks her mind about Jehovah and his blood-thirsty prophets so that the dramatic conflict between elegant Sidon and brutish Samaria is fully developed and the importance of the Jews in the pre-Christian world is sharply challenged. At the same time I know that he will keep the task of production in the hands of Miss Beatrice Wilson, whose judgment and control of such affairs is admirable. She made the very most of his play last Sunday while Miss Esme Church brought to the part of Jezebel a dignity and diction which few of our players could rival. That she did not sufficiently suggest the stylish Sidonian was the fault of her costume. Others who did well were Mr. George Howe, admirable as a prophet who in these days would certainly begin a war and end with a hundred newspapers and a peerage, Mr. John Wyse as a Jehu driving furiously to a blood-boltered throne, and Mr. Godfrey Kenton, who played the part of a ghost without resort to the familiar canopy of butter-muslin or speech more sepulchral than the bark of Cerberus himself.

Turning from sacred to profane life and from murder to merriment, I can gladly recommend 'Love in a Village' to those who have been brought up on Dr. Playfair's cordials. Bickerstaffe's book is neither here nor there; it provides a sufficiently elegant series of pegs on which to hang Rowlandson dresses and a variety of ballad-music. The humour is a little heavy, but Mr. Leslie Holland is going to be as neat a clown as Mr. Miles Malleson and, after all, one goes to Hammersmith more for airs than for antics. Mr. Frederic Ranalow is there with a gun and a setter and a gent's two-piece sports suit of the period and he will sing you deliciously from their Mr. Handel to our Mr. Reynolds. Eighteenth-century Arcadianism is a nicely patterned absurdity into which Mr. Playfair's habit of production fits aptly. If you want acting there is Miss Una O'Connor, if singing there are Miss Rose Hignell and Miss Sybil Hawke as well as Mr. Ranalow. Mr. Playfair looks in late in the evening, as it were, to see that all is good; and it is good.

Profane love is the eternal stuff of the music-hall. Accordingly Miss Sophie Tucker will not overlook that contribution to the well-balanced diet of life. But her rapturous survey of the cosmic scheme is not grossly conditioned. She can do the essential trick of the great music-hall artist; she can jest broadly and airily at once. She is, moreover, one of those hospitable players for whom the footlights do not exist. She absorbs the confidence of the audience and, as she expounds the sufferings of the adipose, we feel that we can all rest, chaste, on her ample bosom. Bringing an American slickness to a traditionally English mode of attack, she is another of our conquerors. One reason is plainly her diligence, which does not end at the mere projection of song and joke, but is notable in her choice of missiles worthy of her fire. That is where the English music-hall is failing. It has the method, but often lacks the matter. As soon as I saw Mr. Billy Danvers, a rubicund oaf with a face beaming like a harvest moon, and heard his praise of pudding, I was pleased to meet him, but his turn petered away into a facetiousness which was quite false to the simpleton he was so nobly presenting. Miss Lily Morris, too, is a genuine Dionysiac, but she really should pick her dithyrambs better: it is a pity that such prodigious energy should not always propel some fun that is worth the expense of so much horsepower. However, her first song was extremely merry. I 'gin to grow weary of Mr. Johnny Hudgins, who continues to sing facially and make no sound. Is there not enough of the silent drama elsewhere that we should have our time at the halls wasted in mere face-pulling and falling about? Of Miss Tucker I can foresee no such fatigue. She chooses her shafts of speech, barbs them sharply, and shoots straight and fast. There is no time wasted in her turn, but must she include the sentimental item? I suppose that it puts the gallery in a melting mood, but under such pressure my own heart turns to thick-ribb'd ice.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—115

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an original English sonnet derived, in part or in whole, from Baudelaire's 'Recueillement':

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille,
Tu réclamaïs le Soir; il descend; le voici;
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant;

Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,
Et, comme un long linceul trainant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.

What is asked for is something between a translation and a new sonnet, something that shall bear roughly the same relation to Baudelaire as Mr. Yeats's 'When you are old and gray and full of sleep' bears to Ronsard's 'Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle.' A close translation will not be disqualified; but the prize will go to the best sonnet.

B. Next month will be published Mr. Bernard Shaw's long-delayed book, 'The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism,' the scope of which is not, one suspects, accurately defined by its title. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the most convincing anticipation of the first two hundred and fifty words of this book.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 115A, or LITERARY 115B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 21, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of May 26.

RESULT OF COMPETITIONS 113

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet addressed "To a Young Lady playing upon the Pianoforte next Door." The sonnet, unlike the young lady's rhythm, should be strict.

B. It is now well known, though Schumann seems to have been unaware of it, that Heine's poem, 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' was inspired by a small pink pig. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a lyric in English and in the same vein, whose real subject is the common or garden slug.

We have received the following report from Mr. Dyneley Hussey, with which we agree, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. DYNELEY HUSSEY

113A. Many sonnets were entered for this competition, and nearly every one had some good point. Indeed, my judgment was so embarrassed that I had the notion of sending the lot round to the young lady in question and allowing her to choose her own scolding. But it occurred to me that she might be no better judge of rhythm in poetry than in music. Besides, she might have chosen one of those chivalrous competitors who

ingeniously, but unsuccessfully, defended her. So I had to decide for myself. Unfortunately the best lines do not occur in the best sonnets, and I have preferred those which had a single idea, well worked out and rounded off, to those which showed spasmodic brilliance or ended in a neatly turned epigram. For example, Frank Buckland produced the amusing line:

I cannot stand your way of killing time

and T. E. Casson ended his sonnet:

"Description is my forte," said Lord Byron;
Let yours be your piano, o my syren!

I am not sure about that rhyme, any more than I am sure whether *pianoforte* can be rhymed with *naught* or even with *naughty*. However, I will not report the offenders to the Poet Laureate this time. David Nomad produced an excellent sextet, but the first part was not worthy of it. C. A. put my own case admirably, but did not make a good sonnet out of it. W. G. had a similar idea to that expressed by J. C. Nunns, who put it better. H. C. M. produced, as usual, a good entry, but the first part of it was not quite up to prize-winning standard. The first prize goes to N. B., who keeps strictly to the form and maintains a clever sequence of musical metaphors, which some competitors got badly mixed. His last line is rather weak. P. R. Bennett takes the second prize because his sonnet is more strict than either J. R.'s or J. C. Nunns's, which otherwise I like better. Edward Goodwill is also commended.

FIRST PRIZE

If in excess of virtue there is vice,
And mispent industry be idleness,
Then, sure, Euterpe doth not deign to bless
Thy daily pianistic sacrifice!
What though thou playest only what is "nice,"
Yet lame performance leaves it something less,
And failure, self-encored, is barrenness—
A bounty that is not a benefice!
Oh, woman, mystery with many keys—
Which, though "related," have but little ease—
Thy generosity doth bring thee blame,
For what is often offered waxeth cheap,
And what is timeless doth with time grow tame—
But, leave off now, for I would go to sleep!

N. B.

SECOND PRIZE

If I compare thee to a summer night
Whose lightning flash is marred by thunder's brawl
To what shall I compare this witless wall,
This sounding-board to wrong, this screen to right,
That veils thy beauty from my aching sight
Yet echoes to the syncopated squall
Most melancholy, most unmusical?
Did wall e'er leave a lover in such plight?
Oh! Would some heavenly architect instal
A sound-proof window-wall between my nook
And thine, that I might gaze on thee spell-bound
In golden silence at thy virginal
Performing those strange antic rites that look
So infinitely sweeter than they sound!

P. R. BENNETT

COMMENDED

I marvel that the Swallows should return,
With home, sweet home, so dismal an abode;
That brightest sanity should ever yearn
To hear a Prelude in the minor mode.
That oft-recurring Spring Song calls to mind
The charm of places desolate; the worth
Of Nature's houses where a man may find
Security—neath twenty feet of earth.

Of Universal tongues there are but two,
Music and love—to neither pride of place;
Save that the latter is for such as you,
With all your youthful loveliness and grace.
Come! Keep for later years the treble clef;
Perhaps by then I shall be dead—or deaf.

J. R.

The dread of pain oft-times doth multiply
Tenfold the pain itself; the cringing hound
Hears the whip crack, and cowering at the sound
Answers each trivial stroke with piercing cry;
The shrinking victim in the dentist's chair
Watches with anxious eye the whirling drill
Fixed in its socket, picturing all, until
Unnerved he scarce the metal's touch can bear.
And so, dear lady through the wall, 'tis this
That crowns my anguish, trembling to await
A certain discord, punctual, regular,
Persistent, inescapable as fate;
Spell-bound I listen, while the dreaded bar
Comes near and nearer, till,—Ugh! there it is!

J. C. NUNNS

113B. There were fewer entrants in this part of the competition, but again nearly all saw the point of the problem, which was to address the *Limax Fusiformis* (thank you, *Nullus*!) in terms which might be applicable to a young woman. In his second verse, T. E. Casson produced a pretty conceit, but his first was poor and he did not fulfil this condition:

Behind thy track thou makest
Titania's popping-crease
Where, when the nights are darkest
She bows to Flower o' Peas.

N. B. again carries off the first prize with a well-turned lyric, which is just what I wanted. J. B. was the second. P. R. Bennett, F. H. Lyon, Cassandra, M. R. Williamson and Edward Goodwill are all commended.

FIRST PRIZE

Serene among the roses,
So shiny, soft and round,
Thy graceful form reposes
Where fairest flowers are found!
But though the life thou livest
So peacefully doth flow,
In my despite thou thrive'st—
Making thy joy my woe!

N. B.

SECOND PRIZE

At peep o' dawn thou'rt on the lawn
In black or sober grey.
Brave heart as guide, with slow, soft glide
Thou'rt come to fetch in May.
Thy need is small of Poet's Call
To wake thee on this woe—
The sun's i' th' East, yet you not dressed!
Sweet slug-a-bed, arise!

J. B.

THE SECRET

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE starbeam lights, a touch, a breath
On a rover in midnight mood,
In rapture with his houseless heath,
Warm furze-perfume, stern mountain-wreath
Of pines, and a water-music beneath,
And shades that stood before Stonehenge stood.

That far-sent patient messenger still
Woos him with sigh-soft hand,
Appeals through endlessness until
Response is born with as deep a thrill
As when dawn's gale of splendour shrill
Storms with young force the general land.

BACK NUMBERS—LXXII

I N general, I refuse to join with those who mourn their boyhood, a period of subjection to tiresome pedagogues and uncomprehending relations, a period in which one was tormented by idiotic ambitions and fears and by morbid curiosities, a period in which one had no sense of humour and no tolerance of one's own limitations. But there are a few things for which one might reconcile oneself to a renewal of youth, and one of them is the opportunity of reading the earlier stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in a proper spirit of innocence. Heaven help me and my like, I and they cannot now read them at all. Sherlock Holmes, with his expected unexpectedness, Watson with his fatuity, no longer delight me, are not even tolerable, and the ingenuity of the plots seems quite puerile. But nothing that one feels now can alter the fact that thirty years ago one was thrilled.

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Then, in those far-off days, one abstained temporarily from the tuck-shop in order to buy the magazine in which the Sherlock Holmes stories appeared. One was as thrilled, almost, as Keats over Chapman, when a new blackguard swam into one's ken. One was speechless with admiration of the triumphant logic of Holmes as it fastened guilt upon the cunningest criminals. And now! Is it rude to recall Oscar Wilde's comment on a mystery story by James Payn—"as one turns the page, the suspense of the author becomes intolerable"?

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But even now there is something to be said for Sherlock Holmes. It is not for nothing that he has become a familiar figure. The drawing of him is marred by incidental crudities, but there is about the conception of him something almost Balzacian. And I do not think it is simply his careful adaptation of dressing-gowns to the problems to be solved, blue for the easy case, purple for the difficult, which sets one thinking of the supreme novelist and the garb he assumed in order to stimulate, how needlessly, an unflagging imagination. To be sure, if in the innumerable condescensions of his unfastidious genius Balzac had chosen to make a similar character we should have had a great deal more than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave us, but it is possible to fancy Balzac accepting Sherlock Holmes as foundation material; and to say that is to pay the English writer an enormous compliment.

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Is there any other character in the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who might have been adopted, even as rough material, by any great novelist? Probably not. But there are episodes which bigger men, not too anxious to avoid mere sensationalism, such men as Charles Reade, might have been glad enough to take over from him. It would appear from some reminiscent pages by Sir Arthur that he values almost above all such episodes in his own writings the great fight in 'Rodney Stone.' The thing, which is a piece of spirited writing, was read, it seems, to a bruiser who was dying in hospital, and at a certain juncture, when he heard the advice given to the hero, the old fighter started up and exclaimed, "By God, he's got him!" A tribute, no doubt, to the ring wisdom and the vigorous writing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but as a testimony to the artistic worth of the

episode the oddest thing since the classic tosh about the effect of Sir Walter Scott's martial poetry on the soldiers to whom it was read.

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Some body of British troops was under fire in a battle of the Napoleonic wars, and their commander, who had received a newly published Scott, read out to them passages which evoked cheers. "Rarely has martial poetry been subjected to such a test," etc. But a test of what? Who has ever doubted that patriotic and manly sentiments, conveyed in easily comprehensible terms, will move the ordinary man, fighting for his country, to cheers? There is very little good martial poetry in our language, but there is some, in Campbell's few successes, for instance; there is no poetry in the manly enough narrative verse of Scott; and that men under fire cheered it proves nothing about its merit as verse. Nor does the dying bruiser establish the excellence, as art, of Sir Arthur's agreeable, manly, very English story of the great days of the ring.

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But if it were necessary to bring Sir Arthur to a test which in his modesty he has never invited, I think I should compare his late book, 'The Lost World,' with a neglected masterpiece, 'The Fountain of Arethusa,' by Robert Eyres Landor. Both assume the survival of an ancient mode of life in some secluded corner of the modern world, in each it is discovered by explorers. Within reason, the beginnings are comparable. But then see what follows. With Robert Eyres Landor the discovery is only an introduction to some of the calmest, most damaging, most original satire of modern civilization ever written; with Sir Arthur what follows is, essentially, only a string of schoolboy adventures. 'The Lost World' is quite good fun, as I found again when I read it lately for the second time, but it has neither pattern nor significance, raises no question, leaves no memory.

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Complimentary things might be said, and justly, of 'The White Company'; yet it is the least pretentious part of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's work that is really his best. All that ingenuous ingenuity, that way of characterizing men by their mere habits, that confidence that the reader will ask no more than is being given him, that boyish and very English contentment in a physical solution of moral tangles, with a black eye or the handcuffs as the last word—how really engaging it is, after all! And in their own way, how competently done are those books! The SATURDAY was enthusiastic over Sir Arthur in 1894, and no Saturday Reviewer of 1928 will be so superior as to deny that in youth he too has been enthusiastic over Sir Arthur.

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Rather will he mourn that he is no longer boy enough to yield himself uncritically to the simple cleverness of Sherlock Holmes, the obtuseness of Watson. All things in time become sophisticated, and the detective story has been refined until it is, really, one of the most difficult forms of minor fiction. Myself—but who am I?—I would have it so. It delights me to see an exquisite art, or a genius for leg-pulling, employed on the detective story. I adore, in the one category, Mr. Bentley's 'Trent's Last Case' and a book of Mr. Buchan's, polished *ad unguem*, in the other 'In the Fog,' by R. H. Davis. But in the house of Gaboriau there are many mansions, and it is not the meanest that has a door-plate inscribed: "Sir A. Conan Doyle."

STET.

REVIEWS

TEACHING POETRY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Foundations of Poetry: an Anthology.
British Broadcasting Corporation. 1s.

THE intention of this little book is, apparently, to accompany a course of wireless readings similar to the course of specimens of music called 'The Foundations of Music.' The anonymous foreword puts it rather amusingly that this course has been "for many months past a pleasant oasis in each evening's broadcasting programme." On this, having heard none of it, I can express no useful opinion. But we all know where it is that oases most frequently occur, and the implication may be a little disconcerting to the wireless enthusiast who did not know that he was being provided with refreshment so rarely.

How the new course will compare with its predecessor, either as a well of water in the desert or as a means of educating taste in listeners, it is not easy to tell. The task is not really so simple. The foundations of poetry are not so easy to explain as those of music, because they are so much more taken for granted. In music there is by universal admission a technical foundation which is not and cannot be the birthright of every man. This foundation can be demonstrated in a measure to persons who are, and who know that they are, completely ignorant of it. A well-devised series of selections can show how music has developed, what are the simpler of its forms, and how much of its technical side must be known for its better appreciation. But he who attempts a similar process for poetry can expect no such conscious and receptive ignorance. Most people think that they understand as much of the whole art of poetry as is worth understanding; an appalling number think they can practise it. Poetry is, after all, taught in the schools to everybody in a sense that music is not. It is a form of speech and as such within the jurisdiction of every man who can frame a sentence. And so, of course, in an ideal world it would be. (So too, for that matter, would music.) But we cannot say that at present it is. Poetry, to be fully understood, that is to say to be fully enjoyed, must be approached as a difficult art none the less because its instruments are the words and grammatical forms we use in daily life instead of the musical notes, intervals, chords, modulations and what not that we do not.

How then, for an audience of a million or so (I am assuming that not to all listeners will the oasis loom pleasantly upon the horizon) is this demonstration to be achieved? The "Foreword" tells us that:

Not everyone likes poetry; some fear it, some despise it; some have never known it and hate it, as barbarian people hate all strangers. The contents of this book are the typical products of English poetry taken in chronological order; the best known and most quoted works of every style. It is not exactly the Hundred Best Poems because of the historical principle, but it is the hundred or so most typical poems. A minimum supply of annotations has been added as an appendix. The voice of the reader should be the interpreter.

I would remark that the people who fear, despise and hate poetry, though they may exist, are a less formidable problem in this matter than those far more numerous people who think, on insufficient grounds, that they know all about it. And what succeeds in this meagre paragraph of explanation shows that the problem has not been taken much into account. Of what value the voice of the interpreter will be in the exposition of general principles I cannot imagine. Nor can I think what purpose is served by the

"minimum supply of annotations," of which this is not an unfair specimen:

Robert Browning was born in 1812 at a prosperous City merchant's house in Camberwell, and died in a Venetian palace in 1889. His life was sheltered amid books, pictures, scenery and music, and he wrote as he pleased, a highbrow for highbrows, with a lofty disregard of critics. In this way he had his reward. Browning societies were formed for the study of his recondite poems and obscure allusions. He conceived of himself as a dramatist, and certainly there is close study of psychology in dramatic lyrics like 'Andrea del Sarto,' the faultless painter who is supposed to have fallen short of the heights through love of an unworthy wife. But he had a charming lyric gift of song which he too seldom revealed.

Apart from the absurdity of referring to 'Andrea del Sarto' as a "dramatic lyric," of what assistance can this note, with its jejune and conventional judgments, be towards the appreciation of poetry? It is far more likely to drive off the timid once and for all, because it will remind them of those irrelevant and idiotic notes which at school are made the main subject of interrogation by fatigued teachers. It is in fact of a piece with the fatal policy of choosing "the best-known and most quoted works." These include "To be or not to be," "The quality of mercy," "All the world's a stage," Gray's *Elegy*, and the passages on the Ocean and on Waterloo from 'Childe Harold.' It would have been much better to have chosen anything else. No doubt the "best-known and most quoted works" figure in that category, because on the whole they are the best. Judgments confirmed from generation to generation are likely to be sounder than those in which some individual critic is influenced by a sense of relative unfamiliarity. But the B.B.C. has not, if I rightly understand its intention, proposed to itself the task of giving the listener the best. It desires at the outset to awake in him a liking for poetry in general. If he already knows these pieces and likes them, this effort is superfluous. But there is little chance that he does not know them. He has learnt them in school, he has mastered notes founded on them of the order which I have already described as idiotic and irrelevant, he has parsed and analysed them and he has even perhaps been made, an unwilling and self-conscious little boy, to recite them in public.

The wiser course would have been to have presented the elements of English poetry as far as possible in an unfamiliar form. It should not be difficult to accomplish. There are as good passages in Shakespeare (and in Byron too) as were ever extracted thence to make a schoolmaster's working hours as much like a holiday as possible. There are, to be sure, one or two flashes of originality in this compilation, as though the ideal I have suggested had been dimly perceived. One of these is the inclusion of an extract from Smart's 'Song to David,' which is likely to be new to most listeners, and another is a fine poem by Ebenezer Elliot, which is at any rate new to me. But it should have been possible to go on these lines throughout and to illustrate all the riches and variety of English poetry without calling on a single hackneyed passage. The beginner will begin to understand the place of nature in our verse just as well by way of Clare as by way of Wordsworth and there would be less chance of his already having taken a dislike to the example proposed to him.

FOUNDATIONS OF DEMOCRACY

A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. V. By Sir R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Blackwood. 30s.

DR. JOHNSON said that the Devil was the first Whig, a saying which a nineteenth-century historian corrected in the words: "Not the Devil, but St. Thomas was the first Whig." This has recently been stigmatized as a half-truth. But surely

it is very nearly a whole one. St. Thomas Aquinas writes:

A king who is unfaithful to his duty forfeits his claim to obedience. It is no rebellion to depose him, for he is himself a rebel whom the nation has a right to put down. But it is better to abridge his power, that he may be unable to abuse it. For this purpose the whole nation ought to have a share in governing itself; the Constitution ought to combine a limited and elective monarchy, with an aristocracy of merit, and such an admixture of democracy as shall admit all classes to office, by popular election. No government has a right to levy taxes beyond the limit determined by the people. All political authority is derived from popular suffrage, and all laws must be made by the people or their representatives. There is no security for us as long as we depend on the will of another man.

If this is not substantially the Whig theory of revolution we may well ask what is. More to our immediate purpose is to note that in many of its essential features the political theory of Aquinas is but the culmination of many centuries of development in which is shown the continuity of medieval political thought with that of the post-Aristotelian philosophers, a continuity which it has been the special task of the authors of the present work to trace.

It would be idle to pretend that a work on medieval political theorizing which reaches the thirteenth century in the fifth volume, and may easily be extended into modern times in five more, is likely ever to become a very popular work. This is a pity. For many, if not all, of the most fundamental conceptions of modern politics were first thought out in principle in medieval times. We are still governed by a medieval institution. And the best part of our educational system, it may be noted in passing, is also a medieval inheritance. As modern political thinking is continuous with medieval, so the latter is continuous with the thought of the ancient world, especially with that of the post-Aristotelian philosophers. The best illustration of this fact is the conception common to Seneca, to the Christian Fathers, and to many of the Roman jurists that the great institutions of society are artificial or conventional, not "natural" or primitive. Since Rousseau it has become fashionable to adopt a somewhat patronizing tone in speaking of a political philosophy which had not learned to use metaphors drawn from biology or psychology. The effect of this has been rather unfortunate, for it has led many to condemn medieval thought without understanding it. To make such understanding more generally available Sir R. W. Carlyle and Dr. A. J. Carlyle have laboured for thirty-five years. It is time that the fruits of their toil should be more generally appreciated.

In the medieval view the institutions of society were artificial in the sense that they were contrivances to remedy the consequences of a great catastrophe—the end of the Golden Age and man's fall from primitive innocence and bliss. Government was conceived of not as an end in itself but as a consequence of sin. They had grasped the truth that if we were all angels coercive government would be unnecessary. But they went on to argue that if, as Hildebrand put it, the civil power was the work of the Devil, that is, if it resulted from man's wickedness, it was also a divinely appointed remedy for wickedness.

This idea provides the framework only of the medieval philosophy. Its content was even more significant. Ultimately it amounted to the doctrine of the freedom and equality of men. Even more interesting than the doctrine is the ground on which it was taught, namely, that all men are possessed of reason and capable of virtue. These ideas are the foundation of the legal aspect of modern Western civilization, and equality before the law and individual responsibility are only applications of them. And, as in Cicero, freedom to the medieval thinker comes to mean a share in the government. When this is absent there is felt to be something in the nature of

slavery. In connexion with this, we may observe in parenthesis, Dr. Carlyle makes the interesting observation that it is here that we may find one of the most important causes of the industrial difficulties of the modern world. Behind it lies that developed idea of personality which is perhaps the essence of all that we mean when we use the word civilization as a term of praise.

Perhaps the most notorious fact in medieval history is the contest of Church and State, of the Empire and the Papacy, and its political literature is extraordinarily voluminous. Yet if we are to accept the judgment of this extremely learned work it was without influence upon the general development of political ideas. Another judgment which we read with some surprise is that the conception of the union of temporal and spiritual power in one authority has disappeared.

What is distinctive of medieval ideas of the State is the principle of the supremacy of the law which is the custom of the community and the expression of its life. The modern conception of sovereignty is absent. And the king or ruler is thought of not as the master or source of the law, but as its servant, and the servant of the community. Further, as is brilliantly observed, "if there was no absolute king, there was also no absolute community." In theory the law of the State is limited by justice and natural law. "Political authority in their judgment was not, never could be, absolute, because it is always limited by principles which are even more sacred than itself, the principles of the divine reason and moral order."

Not only theory was involved. Practical expression was given to these principles which were the foundation of the legal and constitutional system of the Middle Ages. As the authors observe: "The whole system of feudalism as a form of political authority was based upon the principle that the lord, even if he were king, was subject to the legal authority of the feudal court, whose function it was to declare and enforce the laws which regulated the mutual obligations of lord and vassal." The king himself is subject to law. In the picturesque language of Manegold he is compared to a man hired to keep the pigs. If he does his work well he remains, otherwise he goes.

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And finally the ultimate source of law and of all political authority was held to be the whole people.

It is these ideas which explain what is meant by the medieval notion, so different from the seventeenth-century notion, of contract. Contract was the foundation of all feudal relations and also of the relations of prince and subject. Subjects swear to obey the prince; but the prince also swears to administer the law. But Dr. Carlyle thinks that the conception was even older than developed feudalism: "It appears to us that it can be traced to the forms of the coronation order as far back as the ninth century, and it survives in the English coronation order of to-day."

To those who approach the study of the Middle Ages prepared to find evidence of little beyond superstition, credulity and cruelty, it must come as somewhat of a shock to discover the startling modernity and realism of much of their political thinking. Indeed, in this field much that is superstitious is modern rather than medieval. To the understanding of the real nature and significance of medieval political thinking no one has contributed so much as the authors of this book. Their labours have been evidently inspired by a degree of sympathy with the principles expounded, which not everyone will share. But they are principles which, if only for their relevance to both political theories and institutions in our own day, everyone may profit by attempting to understand.

SELBORNE BOWDLERIZED

White's Selborne for Boys and Girls. Edited by Marcus Woodward. Oxford: Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

'SELBORNE' has so often been badly edited that the appearance of one more bad edition ought not, perhaps, to cause much resentment. The book, after all, has survived such treatment for nearly a hundred and forty years. Yet the worst fault of previous editors was not their incompetence but the bad manners with which they intruded themselves into the polished and restrained text, and judged on this count Mr. Woodward beats Grant Allen himself. He is full of errors on points connected with the book, with natural history, and with good taste; a few instances may be given of each. "It is strange," he observes on p. 55, "that Mr. White nowhere mentions the nests and eggs of these birds"—namely willow-wrens. If he will look up Letter XIV to Barrington, or his own mangled version of it on p. 167, he will find an account of the willow-wren and its nest given. He assumes throughout that the 'Naturalist's Calendar' is Gilbert White's own work, and half-playfully taxes him with the lateness of some of his dates, when this is notoriously a very incompetent posthumous compilation from his papers by Aikin. He is not aware that White's "musical friend" is his brother Henry, and states through misreading a letter that White and Pennant had met in town before the correspondence opened. That the "woodpigeon" of Selborne is what we call the stock-dove is one of the most elementary points for any reader to grasp; Mr. Woodward, it appears, has not done so.

The pure natural history is equally incompetent; the drumming of a snipe is not "now believed to be due either to the wings or to two stiff outer tail-feathers" but is certainly caused by the latter, as any boy or girl might prove by sticking them in a cork and whirling it round on a string. The hawfinch (p. 91) is not still a wanderer appearing occasionally, but a resident breeding freely about the Wakes. The cumbrous order of *Pici*, referred to as the last word on the classification of the nightjar, has long been abandoned by systematists. Wheatear traps "took the form of little

horse-hair snares, set in tunnels cut in the turf into which the poor birds, skimming along the ground, would run their heads" in some mysterious way; actually, of course, they relied on the wheatear's habit of exploring every tunnel it meets. The peregrine is nowhere near "the verge of extinction," and the irrelevant suggestion that "the plover's shrilly strain" may have referred to the stone-curlew would lose much of its point, if it had any here, from the fact that stone-curlews do not exist within several counties of the scene of 'The Lady of the Lake.' "Dusky" is hardly an apt description of the hen blackcap's chocolate crown.

It is not these blunders, however, but the shameless padding which makes the worst feature of this edition:

The white wagtail is a British species, a spring visitor, one not recognized as a British bird until some seventy years later than when Mr. White's letter was written. The nest rarely has been found in Great Britain. Much like the pied wagtail in colour, the nest, eggs, and habits of the two birds are also alike.

Much of the material thus ungrammatically presented can easily be recognized by anyone familiar with the half-dozen best known editions and traced to its source. Nearly every specimen shot receives its touching headline as "a Martyr to Science"; the shrike as "A Cruel Bird"; owls as "Feathered Mousers," the cuckoo as "A Bird of Mystery," and so on. Mr. Woodward is not always as bad as this; we find it hard to believe that he has taken any trouble at all over the edition.

There could have been no justification for such a bowdlerization of Selborne even if it had been competently done; the assertion that Selborne is unsuitable for children is simply not true. (Of course, if Mr. Woodward find indecency in notes like that on the field-mouse who escaped "with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet"—which he has religiously expunged—we have nothing more to say.) It is a book which has powerfully influenced nearly every considerable naturalist we have had, and almost invariably this influence has been exerted in childhood, often before any other serious books could gain a foothold in the mind. Not to appreciate this is not to appreciate the essential quality of the 'Natural History'; the thing behind the words which has made the words live. To have first encountered 'Selborne' thus tainted with baby-talk would be to remember with disgust one of the few good nature books we possess: Mr. Woodward has done his damndest with it, and some at least of those who first meet Gilbert White through the agency of a well-meaning aunt and such an editor will not easily forgive it him.

A NEW CROMWELL

Oliver Cromwell. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Cape. 12s. 6d.

JUST as every boy and every girl is born into this world a ready-made Liberal or Conservative by temperament, so do we all find ourselves, at a surprisingly tender age, instinctively taking sides in the centuries old controversy between Charles I and Oliver Cromwell. No other historical quarrel has quite the same appeal; no other—not even the question of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots or of the dissolution of the monasteries—can arouse so many angry passions in the local debating society. In this matter we are all partisans—out-and-out Cavaliers or unrelenting Roundheads.

It is, therefore, all the more surprising to find a modern critic so coolly detached as to be equally contemptuous of both sides. Mr. Stirling Taylor holds that the Civil War was "craftily managed by worldly men who found a religious dogma just as convenient a

banner of war as the Crusaders had found the Cross when they desired to make conquests in the East." Charles I is to him "the embodiment of weakness and deceit." Cromwell—his immediate concern—is a hardly more attractive figure. Mr. Taylor grants him sincerity, but suggests that "during most of his career he was the dupe of craftier men." The traditional picture of a sturdy, simple Englishman, homely of feature, standing four-square to the winds of heaven, caring nothing for crowns and coronets, but relying on his good sword and the justice of his cause, is a myth fit only for nurseries. Cromwell was Welsh by extraction—an emotional, excitable, fanatical person; a bigoted, unpractical theorist; a man of many words and many moods. His inefficient management of the family estates certainly lends some colour to this view, while his behaviour on the battlefield just as clearly contradicts it. In fact Cromwell, like every other historical figure, gets all out of focus when we look at him too closely. The microscope of modern research reveals a disconcerting complexity and diversity even in the simplest characters. We find that there were, after all, several different Cromwells, and we are not disposed to deny that this new version, put forward so persuasively and wittily by Mr. Stirling Taylor, was also among them. The difficulty begins when he asks us to believe that this alone—this dreamy idealist—was the real man. Yet it is almost as difficult to disagree as to agree. Cromwell was a bundle of contradictions. Probably there has never been a statesman whose actions more flatly contradicted his words. As Mr. Stirling Taylor says:

Oliver Cromwell set out with the high profession that he would save the parliamentary liberties of Englishmen. That was his theory. In practice he never once allowed England to elect a free parliament, and his only permanent legacy to the national constitution was a standing army. A fact like that cannot be fitly explained by the mere historian. It is a subject for a writer of great tragedy—or farcical comedy.

THE PRE-WAR MIND

The Pre-War Mind in Britain. By Caroline E. Playne. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

SINCE 'Heartbreak House' said all there was to be said about the psychology which led to the war, an unending succession of reminiscences has distracted attention from the "supers" of the drama to those who acted, or tried to act, the principal parts. Yet it was, as much as any of Romain Rolland's plays of the French Revolution, a case where the crowd was the dominant character and no one else mattered for long; the insistent background murmurs of a neurotic chauvinism drowned the words and shook the resolves of the rulers like the earlier "We want the Bastille." No book which handled in historical form what Mr. Shaw has handled dramatically could fail to suffer from the inevitable comparison, and when, as in this case, the subject is contemporary, there is no real chance of correcting, but only of expanding, his sermon.

Partly on this account 'The Pre-War Mind in Britain' never becomes so interesting as its subject led us to expect; it consists necessarily of a mass of disconnected quotations, which does nothing to relieve the nightmarish effect of the subject. Four hundred pages of the most neurotic and significant passages which a painstaking author can cull from the literature of the most neurotic period in history naturally fail to make inspiring reading. To wade through it from beginning to end would be a morbid occupation, yet it has been well done, and as a work of reference for historians of the pre-war years its value would be difficult to overestimate. The theory that the war was entirely the outcome of German-Austrian machinations has been more or less uprooted by now, among all but the most prejudiced classes, but even compara-

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tively enlightened people have settled down in the belief that secret diplomacy and all that it stood for was the real culprit. 'The Pre-War Mind in Britain' preserves in a lasting form evidence of the extent to which the British democracy, under the influence of the most grotesque imperialist neuroses, contributed to the coming of armageddon.

TABLE D'HÔTE

Memories. By Harry Preston. Constable. 15s.

MR. HARRY PRESTON was once asked to say who were the two most interesting men in the whole long list of his acquaintance. "After a great deal of thought" he answered gravely, "The Prince of Wales and the Rev. R. J. Campbell." There is nothing particularly significant in that reply, except that it seems to suggest that Mr. Preston may simply have mentioned the first two names that came into his head. If so he was right; for the truth plainly is—and it is one of the great secrets of his popularity—that he finds everybody interesting, everybody charming, everybody in some way "great." If he meets a writer in the popular Press, he is sure to find him "a witty and clever young fellow"; critics of his acquaintance are always "the celebrated critic." He is so fond of Jack Dempsey that he even dreams about him at night. "An hotel," says the proprietor of the Royal York and Albion, "is a swing-door through which the world walks"; and Mr. Preston is that rare kind of hotel-keeper who, instead of sitting upstairs all day making out the bills, stands smiling by his swing-door, ready to take the whole world to his heart. How well he has succeeded may be discovered in this book—or by merely glancing at the list of those who attended the dinner given in his honour towards the end of last year.

Of course he is full of good stories—though we suspect that he tells them better across a dinner table than with a pen in his hand. There is the notable exploit of Mr. Maurice Baring, who one day walked into the Miss Cheesemans' well-known oyster-shop in Brighton and coolly ordered one oyster. He got it too! Among the illustrations (which include some Phil May's) is a brilliant little sketch by Sir William Orpen of Mr. Baring performing a remarkable balancing feat with his head. But the best story of all concerns G. P. Huntley. Mr. Preston had been ordered by his doctor to avoid all alcoholic drinks for a few weeks, and had therefore, not to seem churlish among his guests, prepared a bottle of "Kümmel" for his own consumption. In fact it contained only water. One day G. P. Huntley came in, ordered a Kümmel, was served by mistake from the wrong bottle, and had gulped down the whole glassful before Mr. Preston could intervene to save him:

Instantly an expression of horror came over his face.
"Good God!" he cried.
"What's the matter? What is it?" I demanded.
"It's come at last!"
"What's come? What?"
"My tongue's paralysed!"

Others who figure in these pages are Mr. Belloc, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Sir John Lavery (who had his portrait painted for a shilling on Brighton pier), Lord Jellicoe and Mr. Charles Cochran. Mr. Preston likes them all and we have not a doubt that they all like him. But perhaps the boxing men rank first in his affections, for he was a great fighter in his youth and put on the gloves for the last time as late as 1920. Keeping fit is still almost a religion with him. He agrees with the great Duke of Wellington in urging people not to overwork their stomachs. That, and plenty of exercise, and a moderate quantity of really good champagne, apparently form his only recipe.

MINIATURES AND SILHOUETTES

Miniatures and Silhouettes. By Max von Boehn. Translated by E. K. Walker. Dent. 15s.

THERE is a romantic theory that miniature painting began when the knights of Charles VIII set out on their expedition over the Alps, leaving small portraits behind them, and carrying away those of their ladies in exchange. It is not, however, until the sixteenth century that we are sure of our ground, and the earliest-known miniatures may safely be ascribed to the respective hands of the Croat, Glovicié, who Italianized his name as Clovio, and of Hans Holbein, who may really be described as the father of the art. Holbein worked both in oils and in water-colour, often on the backs of playing-cards, while other artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries painted on slate, copper, silver, and occasionally gold. Vellum was commonly used, but the best foundation of all, brought into general use just before the great period of the eighteenth century, was ivory; for, as the author points out, on ivory the complexion acquires a warmth, a delicacy, a glow of life which cannot be obtained in any other way.

Miniature painting is a small art, when all is said, both in physical size and in temperamental approach. Serious critics have neglected and belittled it. For its origin and purpose, whether we accept the romantic story of Charles's knights or not, lies in personal sentiment. The miniature is of no use unless it is "charming"; hence came the enormous success of that immensely talented sentimentalist, Richard Cosway. He painted pretty ladies and gentlemen with technical perfection, but with "too great a uniformity of sweetness," which would have horrified the sterner realists of Henry VIII's time.

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This book, admirably translated and produced, with about 200 illustrations and forty coloured plates, was originally published at Munich during the war. Only a small section is devoted to silhouettes, and the greater part deals systematically with the art of miniature painting and with its application. We learn, incidentally, of many odd conceits in portraiture that have been attempted from time to time; of portraits in minute handwriting, giving a life of the person represented, or long quotations from the Bible. The book is an extremely readable commentary on European manners.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN

The Origin of Man. By Ernest G. Palmer. Rider. 4s. 6d.

The Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin. Introduction by Sir Arthur Keith. Dent. Everyman's Library. 2s.

DARWIN, with great difficulty, persuaded man, or rather the intelligent part of him, that he cannot disentangle himself from the evolutionary web of life; Mr. Palmer, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, is determined to show that he can. The attempt, if it does not prove what it sets out to do, at any rate shows how much can be done by an apologist who throws over the traces of Archbishop Ussher's chronology in Nature and in mankind, but denies the identity of the two, and wholeheartedly embraces the broad fact of evolution.

Mr. Palmer is prepared to go back for an unlimited number of years in his search for human beginnings; it is not over time that he quarrels with the biologist, but over history, since he maintains in effect that however far back one goes there will always be some sort of civilization. Like Mr. Chesterton, he makes great play with the fact that some of the oldest known skulls are as highly developed as our own, and that no really incontrovertible "missing link" has yet been reconstructed; with a superabundance of reasoning power he finally goes over to the theory that the apes may have degenerated from man, instead of man climbing from the ape. Atlantis, ancient Egypt and China, biology, geology, Freud and spiritualism are all mustered to prove by sheer weight of numbers, on the hundred and fifty-sixth page, that:

Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

The trouble with Mr. Palmer is that despite a very considerable fund of knowledge, ably used, and a gift for clear criticism, he does not apply to his own arguments the same tests that he applies to other people's, and he does not know the difference between having proved a thing and merely having asserted it. The tendentious nature of the work dooms it from the start; it is one of those books which collect from all quarters, almost at haphazard, evidence which fits in with what it is required to prove. It allows Mr. Palmer to say, for example, after leaping from one assumption to another: "It would seem also to give incontestable evidence as to the Atlantean race being found in these islands, of which these are remnants. It may be regarded as no less than the actual discovery of Atlantean men at Coldrum."

Darwin's monumental work has been late in finding its place in the Everyman Library, but the edition, following the copyright text with the author's revisions and addenda, is a very satisfactory one. It will be an asset to naturalists who travel, as well as to those who encounter it for the first time, to have so weighty a work so compactly available; Darwin, like Gilbert White, is re-read with increasing interest as the experience of the reader widens.

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NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Octavia. By Margot Oxford. Cassell. 7s. 6d.*Yuki San.* By Ellen Forest. Cape. 7s. 6d.*Armed With Madness.* By Mary Butts. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

'OCTAVIA' has the qualities displayed in Lady Oxford's previous work: brilliance, insight, brevity and directness of statement. The emotion is simple and poignant, the manner detached, the style hard-hitting and free. The thought is not always very logical, as witness such a sentence as: "he rose with the stiffness of men who have been sitting in well-made leathers." If the leathers had been badly made, would the men have been less stiff? The book is, as one expects, full of true, witty, and penetrating observations. "People who aren't interested in themselves are as dull as ditch-water." "Weren't you amused at Mrs. Freemantle's coiffure? That mixture of hearse and chandelier!" "My heart sinks when I see the expression on a wife's face when her husband has told a good story." "There is always a certain satisfaction in dissociating oneself from the frivolity of one's friends." "Meredith thinks he has made an epigram when he has made a conundrum." Lady Oxford could not be a dull writer if she tried. One is apt to take her brilliance for granted, without giving her credit for it; it seems to come to her as simply as drawing a breath. And how neatly she sums up character: "Mrs. Brabazon was lazy, heartless, and kind."

But these are the graces of the memoir-writer and the essayist; they reflect justly upon individual lives, and upon life in general; they are not creative. How does Lady Oxford fare when her story makes no demands on her wit, when condensation is not specially called for, when life, scene, and character cannot be summed up in a phrase, but must be slowly and carefully suggested and presented?

Octavia Daventry is Scottish, the daughter of rich parents. She conceives a passion for riding, which she presently indulges to the full in the course of a prolonged visit to friends in a hunting district in the Midlands. Most men admire her and several fall in love with her, notably Robin Compton, a redoubtable horseman, and Greville Pelham, sensitive, serious, passionate and reserved, very different from the members of the Harbington and the Bragg. Him she marries and him, afterwards, she comes to love. Throughout the book there is a curious and puzzling discrepancy between the explicitness of the treatment and the tentativeness of the theme. The characters one and all speak their minds with the utmost freedom, particularly Octavia herself; their reticences and hesitations lie in what they do not say, not (as in Henry James) in the infinite modifications of what they do say. And Lady Oxford, in her comments upon them, is as decided and as final as Jane Austen. If they have a physical or mental mannerism she states it with remorseless exactitude:

No one could lift her long lashes as slowly or drop them as quickly as Jessica Brabazon; and though, if you were watching, you would observe the same expression levelled at her ham and eggs, the puzzled habit of her lovely eyes had stood her in good stead upon more than one occasion.

No description could be more definite and precise than this. And Lady Oxford describes natural scenery in the same forceful and straightforward way:

Towards the evening she wandered up the sheep-path to where the shallow burn joined the heather. The bracken was turning and the rowans were shedding their leaves. She sat down and listened to the pewits crying overhead, and looked absently at the rabbits squatting outside their holes.

How well these few simple phrases bring the scene before one. It is as vivid as the picture of Mrs.

Brabazon turning her puzzled gaze upon the ham and eggs. And yet how shadowy remains Octavia herself, in spite of all we know of her thoughts and sensations! She is the central figure of the book: it stands or falls by her—Octavia who, "brought up in an atmosphere of Scotch austerity, had a spiritual side to her nature which, however neglected, tugged at her like a kite at the end of a string." She is avid of excitement, in love with life: and it is this that gives her her charm as it gives her her elusiveness. She would not and could not make a habit of living; she lived every day anew. She was possessed by an insurgent idealism to which, as to a touchstone, she must apply herself, her friends, all the conduct of her and their lives. But she was too restless to remain satisfied with the same criterion: it changed with the changing of her moods. How could she subdue it to the fixed state of matrimony? That she married Greville without really loving him, or knowing what love was, is not a sufficient explanation of her difficulty—a difficulty which, after the concreteness and objectivity of the earlier chapters, seems extraordinarily tenuous and remote, and the presentation of which is, to my thinking, a far greater novelist's achievement than the hunting chapters which Lady Oxford writes with so much spirit and authority.

The last hundred pages of the book, the engagement, the marriage, the alienation, the surrender and the birth of her child, are extraordinarily troubled; are a species of waking nightmare in which we see a nature of singular fineness, accustomed to a complete awareness of its experience, confronted by a terrifying and ineluctable destiny upon which it can put no interpretation. The panic that underlies Octavia's marriage is suggested with marvellous delicacy. The earlier part of the book has been concerned with established and unruffled lives, with hunting-talk that involved nothing outside itself, with discussions upon the nature of happiness and goodness which did not affect the happiness and goodness of the enquirers. Octavia, though not frivolous, was gay; her enquiring mind, familiar with painful problems, was not as yet alive to their reality: it was easy to retire from a disquieting thought to the security of a good dinner. Her marriage changes all this; and with the change, with the passing away of a precocity that had seemed like maturity, of a seeming sophistication founded on intelligence, not on experience, the plan of the book, obscure at first, and disguised by brisk but not always relevant dialogue, comes into view. Octavia's history, that had begun with agreeable speculations, ends with painful facts: but the speculations are not contradicted by the facts, they are restated in terms of life itself. Lady Oxford is much to be congratulated on her first novel.

'Yuki San' is a most interesting and illuminating study of modern Japanese life, told by a Dutch girl who had attended a Japanese school as an ordinary pupil, because she found that she made no progress with her tutor, his oriental good manners forbidding him to tell her when she made mistakes. The differences between East and West, though not emphasized, are continually put before us and the book is full of pertinent observations.

If madness is a good form of armour, then is Miss Mary Butt's new novel thrice armed: her characters all seem as mad as hatters. The heroine, Scylla, is sceptical about processes of thought, "it seems to me," she says, "that people had to start some way of thinking of things. What they saw once they'd learned to think might be quite different from the things they'd learned on." They might: but we cannot help wishing Miss Butts had given us less of her private vision. She has so much talent, particularly for conveying the aspects of things, that it is a great pity she should unlearn her thinking and let herself run to seed in incoherence, as here, in 'Armed With Madness.'

MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

I AM glad to see that in the House of Commons last week the Home Secretary warned owners and drivers of large motor coaches about speed and gave the police a strong hint that they should obtain evidence and take proceedings when the speed limit of 12 miles an hour was exceeded. It is abominable that these huge vehicles should tear along the road at from 30 to 40 miles an hour. The drivers keep to the crown of the road, and force private motorists to the extreme edge, sometimes right into the ditch. If these motor-coach drivers are not checked, the result may be that many private motorists will give up their cars, with a resulting loss to the Road Fund. Everything possible should be done to increase the numbers of private cars; they cause very little wear and tear to the road in comparison with the heavy goods or passenger vehicles.

* *

The Automobile Association has appointed a Port Officer at the Port of Belfast, who will meet all passenger boats and assist members with the formalities to be observed with their vehicles. The A.A. Port Officer will, if required, obtain petrol and oil and issue town plans, route cards, etc. The Automobile Association has received a large number of applications for reserved spaces in the A.A. Car Park at Wimbledon, which has been arranged for the convenience of motorists attending the Lawn Tennis Championships, and the Wightman Cup.

* *

The Ministry of Transport has now issued an official memorandum setting out briefly and in a convenient form the main provisions of the Road Transport Lighting Act, 1927, and the Road

Vehicles Lighting Regulations, 1928, made thereunder. In view of the important alterations made under this Act, and the Regulations in the law relating to lights on motor cars and motor cycles, and the need for every motorist being acquainted with them, the R.A.C. will be pleased to supply a copy of the memorandum free of charge on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or to any of the R.A.C. provincial offices. The R.A.C. have received the following additional entries for the Tourist Trophy Race to be held in Ulster on Saturday, August 18: 2 Frazer Nash, 1 Amilcar, 1 Mercedes, 1 Riley, and 1 Vauxhall. This makes a total, up to date, of 51 entries. Further entries at the 20 guinea fee can be received up to June 30. In addition to the prizes already announced, it has been decided to award prizes to the winners of the various classes in the race, and also to give a prize to the team of three cars of the same manufacture making the best performance, irrespective of class. Plans are now being made for the erection of a Grand Stand to seat 5,000 people.

* *

Mr. Francis Birtles, who left Rangoon on April 16 in continuation of his attempt to reach Australia in his 14 h.p. Bean car, arrived "All well" on the Siamese border, eighty miles east of Moulmein on April 23, according to a cable received by the Dunlop Company in London. Mr. Birtles is the first man to have motored so far east from London.

* *

At a meeting of the General Council of the R.A.C. on April 26, the following were elected as stewards of the R.A.C. for the ensuing year: The Earl of Derby, Lord Cozens-Hardy, Lord Weir of Eastwood, The Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, Brig.-Gen. Sir H. C. L. Holden, Rev. E. P. Greenhill, Mr. H. B. Shackleton and Mr. Percy Short.



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NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

- THE SAVOUR OF LIFE. By Arnold Bennett. Cassell. 6s.
 THE INFLUENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE IN FRANCE. By Célestin Pierre Cambiaire. New York: Stechert. \$2.50 or 10s.
 THE WATSONS. By Jane Austen. Completed by Edith (her great grand-niece) and Francis Brown. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 5s.
 A book which will greatly attract devout Janeites.
 CULTURE: A SYMPOSIUM. By G. Elliot Smith, Bronislaw Malinowski, Herbert J. Spinden and A. Goldenweiser. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.
 LONELINESS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Agnes J. Larkcom. Duckworth. 4s. 6d.
 SITWELLIANA. 1915-1927. Duckworth. 2s. 6d.
 Not a complete bibliography, but a list of the works of the Sitwells, with some account of their more important contributions to periods, and three portraits.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE DIARIES OF SYLVESTER DOUGLAS (Lord Glenbervie). Edited by Francis Bickley. Constable. Two volumes. 42s. (May 17.)
 MY LIFE. By Isadora Duncan. Gollancz. 15s. (May 18.)
 The autobiography of the famous dancer who died lately.
 THE INVASION OF EUROPE BY THE BARBARIANS. By the late J. B. Bury. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.
 The matter of these lectures, to a great extent, was reproduced, with amplifications in the larger works by this distinguished historian, but here in more popular form are his conclusions about such matters as the relative importance of the battles of Chalons and Nedao, with a sketch of barbaric intrusion into Europe.
 THE STREAM OF HISTORY. By Geoffrey Parsons. Scribner's. 21s.
 MARY CHOLMONDELEY. By Percy Lubbock. Cape. 3s. 6d.
 VARINA HOWELL. By Eron Rowland. Volume I. Macmillan. 17s.
 OUDE IN 1857. By Colonel John Bonham. Williams and Norgate. 5s.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY AND THE SCIENCES

- THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM. By Bernard Shaw. Constable. 15s. (June 1.)
 Chapters entitled "Dividing-up," "How Much for Each?" "Limits to Communism," "How Much is Enough?" "Eugenics," "Limitations of Capital," "Doles and Parasitic Parades," etc.
 A SURVEY OF SOCIALISM. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. 15s.
 PHILOSOPHY TO-DAY. Collected and Edited by Edward Leroy Schaub. The Open Court Company. 18s.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- SONGS AND LYRICS FROM THE PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. With Contemporary Musical Settings edited by E. H. Fellowes. Etchells and Macdonald. Limited edition. 2 guineas and 3 guineas.
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 BROTHER BEAST. By Eden Phillpotts. Secker. 5s.
 REFLECTIONS. By R. Q. The Scholartis Press. Limited edition. 5s.
 THREE LAST PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. Putnam. 7s. 6d. (May 16.)
 AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM. By John Lyle Donaghy. Dublin: Minorca Press. 7s. 6d.
 LOVE IN A VILLAGE. By Isaac Bickerstaffe. (First performed 1762.) Secker. 2s. 6d.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

- VERTICAL LAND. By Le Comte de Janzé. Duckworth. 6s.
 FAMOUS SCOTTISH HOUSES: THE LOWLANDS. By Thomas Hannan. Black. 12s. 6d.
 Fifty Lowland houses; illustrated with photographs.
 TENNIS. By Helen Wills. Scribner's. 10s. 6d. (May 17.)
 TRAINING FOR ATHLETES. By H. M. Abrahams and Dr. A. Abrahams in collaboration with others. Bell. 5s.
 THE BOYS' BOOK OF CRICKET. By F. A. H. Henley. Bell. 3s. 6d.
 WINDOWS OF ASIA. By A. P. Richardson. U.S.A.: The Rumfore Press.

FICTION

- PAPER MONEY. By George Blake. Constable. 7s. 6d. (May 17.)
 THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE. By Sinclair Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d.
 UNDER THE YEW. By Robert Nichols. Secker. 5s.
 THE HOUSE WITH THE ECHO. By T. F. Powys. Chatto and Windus. 7s.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 321

TWO JACKS: ONE MEANT TO STARTLE AND SURPRISE;
 THE OTHER, VERY GREAT IN HIS OWN EYES.

1. An art of Nippon—less than half we need.
2. Shy mountain sheep from Chinese measure freed.
3. Halve what conceals a wondrous transformation.
4. Nearest they stand to us of all our nation.
5. A boundary now at both ends you must lop.
6. Then from an unfledged bird the final crop.
7. Sweeps from its course what buildings bar the way.
8. More than the whole, so ancient sages say.
9. Instructive—it exemplifies their saw.
10. Curtail a piece (of meat, say, cooked or raw).
11. From bird of dawning take both tail and head.
12. And treat just so a colonel long since dead.*

* Executed under Charles II.

Solution of Acrostic No. 319

S	edimen	T	1 "A strapping wench" is a common
wE	nc	H ¹	phrase.
A	lcov	E	2 <i>Mellivora ratel</i> , a kind of South
O	ffende	R	African (and Indian) badger, "is
F		Ish	celebrated for the destruction it
M	a	Vis	makes among the nests of the wild
Al	tit	udE	bee."
R	egiste	R	
M	aladministratio	N	"It is manifest . . . that the Egypt
A	d	Ipose	to which the Hellenes come in ships
R	ate	L ³	is a land which has been won by
A	cquisitiv	E	the Egyptians as an addition, and
			that it is a gift of the river."

Herodotus, ii. 5.

ACROSTIC No. 319.—The winner is Viscount Doneraile, 91 Victoria Street, S.W.1, who has selected as his prize 'London's Open-air Statuary,' by Lord Edward Gleichen, published by Longmans, and reviewed in our columns on April 28 under the title, 'London Statues.' Thirty other competitors named this book, 12 chose 'The Trials of Topsy,' 11 'Gemel in London,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Armadale, Bolo, Boskerris, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Clam, Dhualt, Fortasse, Glamis, Jeff, Jop, John Lennie, Theodore D. Lowe, Margaret, Martha, Lady Mottram, Peter, F. M. Petty, Quis, St. Ives, Miss Daphne Touche, Tyra.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, C. C. J., Ché Negro, J. R. Cripps, Dolmar, Eyhil, Farndon, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, E. W. Fox, Gay, H. C. M., Iago, Kirkton, Lilian, Madge, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, G. F. Osborne, Perky, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

Owing to a printer's error, the notes accompanying the solution of Acrostic 318 last week were not, as no doubt solvers perceived, the correct ones. They should have read thus:

- 1 The *Musk-ox*.
- 2 Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty. *Childe Harold*, iv. xlii.
- 3 Wings of what wind the lichen bore,
Wafting the puny seeds of power,
Which, lodged in rock, the rock abrade?
And well the primal pioneer
Knew the strong task to it assigned,
Patient through Heaven's enormous year.
To build in matter home for mind.
Emerson, *Wealth*.

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upper deck of the little steamer, past peaceful little villages of red and white houses nestling in the woods, and enter the crystal clear Lake Vättern. On past the castle and noble Abbey of Vadstena and the mediæval cloister church of Vreta, across the lovely little lake Roxen and through another stretch of canal into Lake Mälaren with its thousand islands. And so, after three intensely interesting days of restful, comfortable travel through enchantingly beautiful country, you come to Stockholm, Sweden's wonderful capital.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH sensational rises in the prices of various specialities continue to be a daily occurrence on the Stock Exchange, there are indications of an undertone of tiredness in markets and it would not be surprising if a temporary halt were called to the long-sustained upward movement. On several occasions during recent months markets have displayed this appearance. Within a few days, however, a fresh impetus is given from some direction or other, with the result that everything goes ahead again, and this may be the case on the present occasion. Speculative activity has shown signs of spreading to the oil market and to the mining market, which may herald the fact that before long the industrial section will be ousted from the position of favourite which it has occupied for so long. Sooner or later a bad break must come, but it is difficult to say when. It is only right, however, that the public, who are speculating in stocks and shares to a greater extent than ever before, should realize that the position is only dangerous if they ignore the possibility of a sudden and drastic change. If all who have purchased shares realize that there may be a substantial set-back and are prepared to retain and pay for the shares they have bought, then when the set-back comes it need be nothing more than a healthy reaction; if, on the other hand, the set-back arrives with the public holding much more stock than they can pay for and keep, the position will indeed be serious.

HOME RAILS

Despite the general Stock Exchange activity, one market continues to be neglected although it appears to possess decided possibilities. The Home Railway market, to which I refer, is undoubtedly unpopular. Such slight interest as it inspires is solely centred on traffic returns, and when these show a slight falling off as compared with last year's figures, prices are immediately depressed. Investors appear to overlook the fact that the profits of a concern are arrived at by deducting costs from revenue, and if the revenue shows some slight decrease the profits may be even increased if costs are reduced. Working costs in our railways are being watched more closely than ever before, by those responsible for their management and retrenchment and economy are the underlying policy. It is for this reason that a purchase of home railway stock at the present level is advocated, despite the general neglect. The day will dawn when sentiment in this direction will change, and when it does those who have had the foresight to purchase stock at the present level should reap a rich reward. Particular attention is drawn to the Great Western Railway ordinary stock, on which a dividend of 7% was paid last year and which is now procurable at under par.

PHOSFERINE

Recently the public was invited to subscribe for shares in Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Limited. The issue, which took the form of 400,000 8 per cent. cumulative participating ordinary shares of £1 each, was fully subscribed, but the shares, contrary to general expectations, have so far not risen to that premium which the figures in the prospectus appear to justify. These ordinary shares, in addition to their fixed 8 per cent., are entitled to participate to the extent of a further 33½ per cent. in any further distributable profits. The figures quoted in the prospectus show that holders of these ordinary shares can anticipate dividends amounting to 10 per cent. Certain negotiations, however, are believed to be proceeding which would greatly

increase the earning capacity of this Phosferine company, and in these circumstances these £1 ordinary shares, which are at present only 10s. paid, are well worth locking away while they are procurable in the neighbourhood of their issue price.

WIGGINS

As anticipated, the issue of 1,500,000 7½ per cent. cumulative convertible preference shares at 4s. each of Wiggins & Co. (Hammersmith) Limited proved an instantaneous success: the issue was approximately five times over-subscribed. This success is attributable very largely to the fact that in these shares the Stock Exchange operator found exactly what he required—a yield which is generous in a concern which is sound and a share which had the added attraction of speculative possibilities in view of its conversion rights. These Wiggins preference shares should gradually rise, while Wiggins ordinary shares also appear a promising lock-up investment.

BRITISH CEMENT PRODUCTS

British Cement Products, the company which was responsible for the issue, have been referred to before. Attention is again drawn to their shares as it is believed that their value is considerably higher than the level at which they are at present standing, and a rise in their price can be anticipated.

TURNER & NEWALL

Although the shares of Turner & Newall have been a firm market for some time past, they have not risen in the sensational manner which is becoming a daily occurrence in the Industrial market. It would not be surprising, however, if these shares changed their figure reasonably soon, and those who are on the look-out for a thoroughly sound industrial investment the intrinsic worth of which greatly exceeds its present market price should not overlook these Turner & Newall shares.

BREWERY SHARES

Brewery shares have been monopolizing more attention of late under the lead of Watney Combe deferred stock, which has risen substantially on rumours that the £100 stock is to be split into £1 shares. Should this be realized, it seems probable that we shall see the price standing at over 35s. Other Brewery shares worthy of attention are Hoares, Ind Coope and Benskins.

CARLTON HOTEL

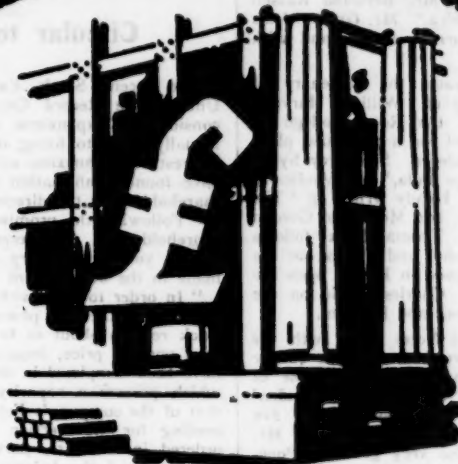
Shares in hotels and restaurants are generally so well held that it is difficult to deal freely in them, and for this reason it frequently happens that they are somewhat neglected and are left at a price lower than their intrinsic worth. It is felt that this is the case with the ordinary shares of the Carlton Hotel Limited. This Company owns the Carlton Hotel and Restaurant, and certain adjoining properties, and, in addition, 15,400 £10 ordinary shares of the Ritz Hotel (London) Limited. For the last four years dividends amounting to 12 per cent. have been paid and, as there is no reason to assume that this rate will not at least be continued, these shares appear a cheap permanent investment at the present price.

GUADALQUIVIR

With further reference to the shares of the Islas del Guadalquivir S.A., which were mentioned in these notes last week, a long conversation with one recently returned from the property strengthens my opinion that the future of this concern appears very promising. These shares, however, must be looked upon as a long lock-up; if all goes in accordance with plan, in five years' time they should be worth 10s.

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THE MAY MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for May deals adequately with two centenaries, those of Dürer and Rossetti. Dürer is dealt with by the man best fitted for the task, Mr. Campbell Dodgson; Rossetti is commemorated by the publication of some very characteristic letters from him to Miss Alice Boyd, and a study by Mr. E. Waugh, rather biographical than critical. Mr. Causton under the title 'Plays of a Prisoner' summarizes the work of Ernst Toller, who was imprisoned for his part in the Bavarian Communist outbreak of 1919. Mr. Bertrand Russell writes on 'The New Philosophy of America.' Mr. Gwynn deals with Mr. H. G. Wells as critic of current events, and with two American successes in literature.

The *Nineteenth Century* commemorates the centenary of Harvey's discovery by a magisterial study of 'William Harvey' by Sir J. R. Bradford, President of the Royal College of Physicians, while Dr. Little has to plead for a continued place in our teaching hospitals for women students. Sir Percy Sykes has trodden 'In the Footsteps of Marco Polo,' and vindicates his accuracy in unsuspected ways. Mr. Hendy writes on 'The Nightjar,' telling us much of its habitats, and Mr. Seton Gordon is moved by 'Taliker of the Cliffs.' Mr. Thomas Burke follows the wanderings of De Quincey round Soho, and marks out the boundaries of his walks. Two good papers on Russia open the number, and they are followed by Mr. Charles Petrie on the revival of authority in Spain, Italy, France and Belgium.

The *London Mercury* in its Editorial Notes deals with the Charing Cross scheme, with the importation of actors (under a misapprehension of the facts, seemingly), with the case of Mrs. Webb, and with 'English Critics and American Books.' Its poetry includes three sonnets by Mr. Sassoon, and five poems by Mr. Blunden. Its best literary article is that of Mr. Shanks on Rossetti. Mr. Higgins is also very good on Pope, and Miss Alston gives us 'Some Personal Recollections of Lord Macaulay' by a school-fellow. Prof. Weekly contributes a 'Chronicle' on English grammar and language, and Mr. Powys condemns the proposed additions to Westminster Abbey.

The *National Review* deals with the Presidential election in the U.S.A. as explaining the Peace Note, with Egypt, with Home Politics as a donkey race between three incompetents, with Financial Experts, and with the evils of the Women's Franchise Bill. The most important literary article is that by Mr. Salt on De Quincey, which relies on letters from Miss De Quincey for explanations of many of the troubles which her father brought on himself, one of the worst being his procrastination in answering letters. Prof. Lyde pleads for more literal translations, and essays one of "Ad Torquatum." Col. Craig describes a visit to a Paris submerged in politics, Gen. MacMunn writes on the British army in Egypt, and an Indian tells us what "the real India" wants.

The *English Review* contains papers on the *Action Française* and the Vatican by Mr. Sandys, restating his case; on the Oxford English dictionary by Mr. Vernon Rendall, with some entertaining sidelights; and on the songs of Dr. Vaughan Williams. Mr. Ludovici deals caustically with the spirit of 'Young Woodley,' and there are good papers on Rumania, Egypt and Poland.

Old Furniture. This magazine has now firmly established itself among connoisseurs of domestic ornament. It is edited with great care and knowledge. The May issue is particularly interesting because it contains articles, with a number of excellently reproduced illustrations, on porcelain and furniture at the current Exhibition of the British Antique Dealers' Association at the Grafton Galleries. Other articles include 'Persian Pottery,' 'Some Early Eighteenth Century Furniture Bills,' 'A Japanese Screen,' and 'Recent Sales.' By some oversight the title page to the number has been omitted.

The *Empire Review* opens with a reminiscence of Conrad and a new letter from him by Sir Hugh Clifford, which may be allowed to settle one little controversy. Miss Teetgen describes a Bucks industry in 'The Romance of a Windsor Chair,' Mr. Gladstone gives an account of St. Kilda, and Mr. Kirk writes about a river journey in African forests.

Blackwood opens with the strange history of 'The Silver Hand of Alexander,' which may make Mr. John Buchan envious. Loneliness in Burma is Mr. Jordan's theme; 'The Pilgrim Ship' will recall some pages of Conrad; Mr. Smythe has a good climbing story, and there are several historical articles.

Cornhill contains, in addition to its serial, a number of letters to Austin Dobson from his friends, an account of a visit to Andorra, a conjecture as to some invaders of Ireland by Mr. D. Mackenzie, a paper by Prof. Weekly on 'London Street Names' (but Oxford Street does not become the Goldhawk Road), short stories, and a first-rate article on Poor Law Administration.

Chambers is varied and good. In addition to its fiction it has papers on the trial of Lord Melville, Mecca, 'The Zone of Silence round fog-signals, snake-bites, etc.' 'The Heart of Things' deals with speculation on the Stock Exchange.

Foreign Affairs has two articles on Russian affairs—one of them on Jewish farm colonies. Mr. Ratcliffe writes on 'Two Months in America,' and Mr. R. Tagore on 'The Truth of Co-operation' without saying anything in particular.

THE DUOPHONE UNBREAKABLE RECORD CO.

An Important Merger with Other Interests

Circular to the Shareholders

The recent Stock Exchange rumours that the Duophone Unbreakable Record Co., Ltd., was not only arranging for considerable expansions to its manufacturing plant, but had actually come to fixing up negotiations with other gramophone interests in connexion either with amalgamation or absorption, have found confirmation in an official statement issued to the shareholders by the directors. The circular states:—

"Following the promises made in their recent circular to the shareholders, I (the secretary) am instructed by my board to inform you of the very considerable progress which has been made in the development of the company.

"In order to cope with the business available to the company not only in the new process records, but also in high-class solid stock records about to be marketed under the company's labels at a popular price, important extensions of the company's plants have been completed in the purchase of large works at Southall, which possess a capacity more than four times greater than that of the company's Feltham works. Active work is now proceeding for the erection of the large additional installation ordered in the early part of the New Year, part of which is delivered and the balance in course of delivery. Pending the transfer of additional plants referred to hereafter, production will proceed at the Feltham works as usual.

"On completion of the equipment now proceeding, the new factory will have an output capacity of upwards of 20,000,000 records per annum, and arrangements are already far advanced for contracts calculated to keep the entire installation running at its full capacity.

"The directors have also pleasure in stating that they are completing arrangements for the purchase of the Chenil Galleries, where the latest system of electrical recording is to be installed. These galleries are well known for their remarkable acoustic properties, which have been amply demonstrated by the renditions of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

"It is the intention of the directors to establish at the Chenil Galleries a permanent exhibition of gramophone instruments (electrical and mechanical), and gramophone records and accessories marketed by the Duophone and its allied and subsidiary companies.

"Mr. J. H. Balfour, who was for so many years associated with the Gramophone Company (H.M.V.) as manager of their record factory and in other capacities, will take entire charge of the production side of the company and its auxiliaries.

"The directors in furtherance of their general policy of amalgamation of interests in allied concerns, have concluded highly satisfactory arrangements for the administrative control of the British Brunswick and French Brunswick Companies. The British Brunswick are manufacturers of the internationally famous Brunswick records. Their American catalogue contains the finest popular recording bands and artists in that country, and their British recordings are worthy of that high standard. As pioneers of the Panatrope, they have been associated with the British Thomson-Houston Company, and the results of their joint research and experience, added to the benefits of the Brunswick recent contract with the Marconi Company, make it certain that their range of Panatrope for the coming season will appeal by performance and price to a far larger circle of purchasers than heretofore. The Panatrope is recognised as standing in a class by itself.

"The closer identification of British Brunswick interests with those of the Brunswick Balke-Collender Company of America has already resulted in the arrival in England of the very latest types of recording apparatus perfected by the Radio Corporation, and will lead to greater benefits to this company.

"This marks the initiation of a policy of amalgamation and absorption which the directors have been steadily pursuing for some time. Negotiations of an equally important nature to those just concluded are now in progress in more than one direction, and in this connexion the directors will endeavour to reserve preferential rights for the company's shareholders. Other matters are in course of treaty that are likely in the near future to tend to your financial advantage.

"Pending the completion of what must be delicate negotiations, the board consider it would not be in the shareholders' interests to make any further announcements at present. The directors feel assured that the statement of the company's affairs, which they expect to make in the near future, will fully justify their confidence and the policy of expansion upon which they are so actively engaged."

The directors' statement will do much to answer any criticism against the company's secrecy, and it is evident that its progress is being moulded upon lines which should reflect to the advantage of the shareholders.

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 £5 5s.
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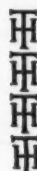
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